

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY • 1952

European Report
FRANK E. SPAIN

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LORD HALIFAX

Debate: Federal Sales Tax?



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Your LETTERS

A Footnote for Juanito

From ARCADIO G. MATELA, Rotarian Agricultural-College President Cabanatuan, The Philippines

May I add a footnote to *Filipino Juanito* [THE ROTARIAN for January], for I have good news for you. The Central Luzon Agricultural School, described in the article, has been elevated into a college by the President of The Philippines. You know what this means to a country primarily agricultural, like The Philippines. The formal inauguration of the new college and my installation as its first president will be held January 6, 1952. Simple but impressive ceremonies will mark this historical event in agricultural education, with delegates from local and foreign universities attending. While the duties and responsibilities of a college president are great, I know that this will give me more opportunities to be of service to my people.

Re: Touching Down in Prestwick

By JAMES MELROSE
Secretary, Rotary Club
Prestwick, Scotland

From time to time we note in the columns of THE ROTARIAN a suggestion that Rotarians travelling in England get in touch with a certain Club so as to establish fellowship contacts. My Club has asked me to draw the attention of Rotarians who may be flying across the Atlantic by the northern route, and who may therefore touch down, even for a very short stop, at Prestwick Airport, Scotland, that we are always happy to greet them.

We have had the pleasure of these "surprise" visitors on our regular meeting day, but we would like to know that a Rotarian would not hesitate to make contact with Prestwick Rotarians on any day of the week.

Rotarians the Right Type

Notes ALLEN G. MILLER, Rotarian Advertising-Agency Owner Grand Rapids, Michigan

The *Rotary Reporter* department of THE ROTARIAN for January carried an interesting item about how several Rotary Clubs have been sponsoring blood-typing campaigns in their communities. We have read in other issues of Clubs which have helped to build blood banks for local hospitals. We of Grand Rapids think these projects are worth while because of what happened recently in our city.

Henry Rankin, an Orlando, Florida, Rotarian, but a stranger in our city, was about to undergo a serious emergency operation in a Grand Rapids hospital. He needed a blood transfusion. The hospital called Albert L. Hammer, Secretary of our Club for 36 years, and explained that it could not spare the blood

from its private bank unless it was assured of immediate replacement.

Secretary Hammer called Paul S. Bond, a Past District Governor and a Grand Rapids Rotarian—who, incidentally, has given 14 pints of blood since the end of World War II, but who is now considered over age for certain hospital requirements—and within two hours Paul had contacted four younger men and shortly after each gave a pint of blood for the necessary transfusion. The donors—all Grand Rapids Rotarians—were Stanley B. Benford, Robert B. Darby, Henry T. Lathrop, and Harold Hartger.

Later the supervisor of nurses at the hospital wrote and said, in part: "It is the first time I have had the need to ask your Club for donors, and it is with deep regard for such a group of men that I tell you never from any organization have we had such cooperation."

Another heartfelt letter of thanks came from Mrs. Rankin.

Though Secretary Hammer said it was the most unusual request he had ever received, the members of our Club accepted the situation as if it were an everyday affair.

Photo Recalls 'Clan' Members

For ROYAL A. BUCKMAN, Rotarian Insurance Adjuster Lake Wales, Florida

The photograph displayed on page 45 of THE ROTARIAN for December was apparently a snapshot taken, I should judge, about 51 years ago, and aside from the unique little streetcar and the



Two clan faces recognized (see letter).

equine passenger on the back platform [see cut]. I was particularly struck with the fact that three passengers are shown inside the car. Two of the faces portrayed were members of my clan—that is, my mother and my sister-in-law—both now removed from this world. You can be assured of my surprise and interest to see these beloved features portrayed in our Magazine after the lapse of so many years. I have had the picture rephotographed, enlarged, and framed, and it now adorns a wall of my living quarters.

As I told Lake Wales Rotarians at our meeting, "One [Continued on page 53]

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

THE SIFTING. By February 5 or thereabouts winners of some 100 Rotary Foundation Fellowships for 1952-53 should be known. To choose them, Rotary's Fellowships Committee was to meet in Chicago the last four days of January. It would be winding up the long annual sifting process which began in hundreds of communities around the world...where thousands of young men and women age 20-29 knocked on Rotary Club doors and asked for application forms. Screened first by their local Clubs, some 700 of these college graduates went on to the next sifting--by District Fellowships Committees. Out of that came the 185 applications now neatly stacked and waiting the final test. From here on for 185 extra-fine young people it's "Keep your fingers crossed."

PRESIDENT. After presiding over the January meeting of Rotary's international Board, President Frank E. Spain (see page 6) was to leave his administrative duties briefly for Rotary visits in the U. S. Also on his travel schedule is the annual international goodwill meeting of the Winnipeg, Man., Canada, Rotary Club on February 22-23.

PO VALLEY FLOOD. To quicken aid for victims of the flood in Italy's Po Valley, President Spain has appealed through District Governors in the United States and Canada for relief contributions. Needed are clothing, canned meat, and other imperishable foodstuffs. Reports from overseas listed cash donations of one million lire from Belgian Clubs, a million lire each from the Italian Clubs of Rome and Vicenza, and 2½ million lire from District 87 (Italy).

CONVENTION. Now only four months away, Rotary's 1952 Convention in Mexico City is fast shaping up. If you are going, there are reasons why you should act now. Andrew E. Vaughan, Jr., cites them on page 17.

ASSEMBLY, INSTITUTE. Plans for the 1952 International Assembly and Rotary Institute to be held concurrently at Lake Placid, New York, May 14-20, are likewise quickly taking form. The former is a planning body largely for incoming officers of Rotary International, the latter an informal discussion forum comprised mainly of past and outgoing officers.

| | | |
|-----------|--|----------------------|
| MEETINGS. | Board of Directors..... | Jan. 21-26...Chicago |
| | Rotary Foundation Fellowships Committee..... | Jan. 28-31...Chicago |
| | 1953 Convention Committee..... | Feb. 25-28...London |
| | Magazine Committee..... | Feb. 28-29...Chicago |

TWOSCORE SEVEN. February is anniversary month for Rotary--its 47th--and in 7,413 Clubs around the globe the occasion will be marked in meetings during the week of February 17. To all Clubs have gone some suggested programs for the observance. For an "eyewitness" picture of Rotary's beginning in Chicago, see page 29.

"CD" WORK. To Clubs in the U. S. recently went a list of civil-defense activities suggested by the Federal Civil Administration at Washington, D. C. Included were blood-donor programs, first-aid training, and the use of films and speakers on civil defense.

VITAL STATISTICS. On December 26 there were 7,413 Clubs and an estimated 350,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1951, totalled 74.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors' WORKSHOP

FEBRUARY 23 is Rotary's 47th birthday, and the Club technically entitled to celebrate it first is Suva in the Fiji Islands. It will be 12:01 A.M. Saturday 2/23/52 on that famed speck just west of the Date Line in the Pacific before it is in any other Rotary place. In fact, some 17, 18 hours will go west before the birthday arrives in the birthplace of Rotary—Chicago. There's romance in the geography of Rotary all right—and to see it at a glance you have but to let these pages fall open to the "center spread" and Mr. King's handsome chart. We offer the latter as a salute to the coming birthday.

P.S.—Framed, how would the map look on the walls of your Club meeting place, Club office, or den?

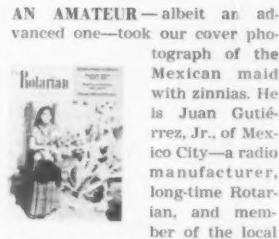
THE RUGGLES reminiscences, too, are timed to the coming anniversary—and more are to appear next month. They are good reading, we believe you'll agree, and a valuable contribution to Rotary lore and history... but they are something more, too: the makings of a first-class Rotary Club program, for February or anytime. With this material—and a little imagination—who could go wrong up at the speaker's table?

WHERE Rotary started and how far it has spread are, of course, secondary to what it is doing... and it is a case study in precisely this that President Frank E. Spain lays before you in his European Report. Rotary there helping to fill vacuums war created in human understanding. Rotary in Tennessee taking some fancy cakes and pretty girl singers 65 miles to hospital of sick and wounded soldiers. Rotary in some other place giving hearing aids to children who need but can't afford them. Things to be proud of, certainly... mindful the while of what it is that pride goeth before. Founder Paul P. Harris knew, and it's appropriate this month to repeat what he wrote in these pages seven years ago. "Is everything all right in Rotary?" he asked. "If so, God pity us. We are coming to the end of our day... I like to think that the pioneering days of Rotary have only just begun. There are just as many new things to be done as ever there were... Rotary simply must continue to pioneer progress or be left in the rear of progress."

FOOD is the next thing on the menu from which we are trying to serve you information about Mexico—land of Rotary's Convention in May. Ernesto Aguilar will take you on a cook's tour of

Mexico City restaurants in March... and other issues will bring you articles on Mexican painting and deep-sea fishing and a preview of the program of speakers. In this issue "Andy" Vaughan tells you how to get there.

BACK in 1946 a heartbroken father told us of a son who'd gone bad—and why. The father had just discovered that he himself was "why." Well, we presented the story under the title of *My Son Went to Jail*. Now comes a letter from a New York penologist saying he keeps a drawerful of reprints of the article—and week after week hands them across his desk.



AN AMATEUR—albeit an advanced one—took our cover photograph of the Mexican maid with zinnias. He is Juan Gutierrez, Jr., of Mexico City—a radio manufacturer, long-time Rotarian, and member of the local

Camera Club who has exposed film all over his photogenic land. Fellow Camera-Clubbers thought his color transparency especially good, and the Palace of Fine Arts confirmed the opinion with a special award. Then—O, Photographer's Dream!—San Carlos Academy borrowed the "shot" and made a huge mural copy of it. That Academy, as you may know, is the fine-arts department of the University of Mexico.

SEVERAL of our staff people have exclaimed about the interesting juxtaposition of two article titles in this issue—each containing the word "freedom." By itself each, we feel, is a good heading. Read in sequence—well! Still we have decided to let them stand. If nothing else, the circumstance yields a good example for students of semantics.

AS WE GET the last pages of this issue together, snow in drifts, piles, and smudgy blankets chokes all streets in this city but the main ones... and more is coming. What's become of the old-timers who yelped so long for an old-fashioned Winter? Under this "silence deep and white," we hope.—Edu.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS



GEORGE LAYCOCK grew up on an Ohio farm, learned his "three R's" in a two-room school. After graduation from Ohio State University, he did editorial chores for *Farm Quarterly*. Now a free-lancer, he writes mostly about farming and popular science. He's again living on an Ohio farm, this time with a wife, three children. He's a veteran of World War II.

To his landlord-tenant debate Humorist **PARKER CUMMINGS** brings dual experience: he once rented his Connecticut home and lived elsewhere for a time. A Harvard man, '25, he's been a free-lancer since his graduation.

Before turning to full-time writing some six years ago, **WHIT SAWYER** worked at many jobs and soldiered in World War I. He studied journalism at the University of London, travelled much in Europe,



Cummings

still thinks of himself as a "restless, impatient Yankee." He likes early American antiques, dislikes luggage covered with travel stickers. He's lived in many places, is now a New Englander.

Hosiery Manufacturer **ANDREW E. VAUGHAN, JR.**, is a member of the Pottstown, Pa., Rotary Club and a Past District Governor. He heads the Transportation Committee for Rotary International's Mexico City Convention in May.

Editor of the *Canadian Police Journal*, **W. J. BANKS** lives in Toronto, Ont., Canada, contributes to Canadian and U. S. magazines.

Artist **SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN**, who made the map on pages 18-19, is a Chicago Art Institute graduate. He has recently illustrated a series of children's books, including *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. He's a newcomer to two ranks: matrimony and home ownership.

The widower who writes anonymously on domestic freedom is an American free-lancer who has often contributed to these pages under his by-line. . . . **BART McDOWELL** and **ROBERT A. PLACEK** are ROTARIAN staffmen.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: At the rate of \$1.00 in the U.S.A., Canada, and all countries to which minimum postal rates apply. \$2.00 elsewhere. Single copies 25 cents. **MEMBRA ROTARIA** (Spanish edition) costs 25 cents. **RENDITA ROTARIA** (Spanish edition) costs 25 cents. **ROTARY INTERNATIONAL** is the official publication of the International Association of Rotarians. It is responsible for statements of authors. Any use of material must be acknowledged. The names of actual persons is intentional and it is the intent of the magazine to publish the names of actual persons. No responsibility is assumed for return of unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. **THE ROTARIAZATE** is registered in the United States Patent Office. Copyright, 1952, by ROTARY INTERNATIONAL. Printed as second-class matter December 30, 1951, at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois. Act of March 3, 1879.



Vaughan

Fleishman

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THE ROTARIAN Magazine

is regularly indexed in *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*

Published monthly by Rotary International

President: FRANK E. SPAIN, Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A.

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EUROPEAN REPORT

By FRANK E. SPAIN

Rotary's international President finds

*Clubs of the Continent filling vacuums
in the human spirit left by world war.*



CONTINENTAL Europe has been my special concern this Rotary year because most European Rotary Clubs were suppressed during the war and reactivated or newly created after liberation. Clubs in communities however small have been my concern because it is in the communities that the peace of the world is at stake. So I went to visit the Clubs in the small communities of Europe where no international President had visited before.

The vitality of Rotary after suppression is the finest appraisal men have ever made of it. Rotary fellowship defied suppression. Rotarians disregarded risks and continued to meet secretly in every country throughout the war. The Kristiansand Rotary Club in Norway became a choir, and with Nordic humor named it for the grouse that doesn't sing. The Clermont-Ferrand Rotary Club in France met regularly in the very room where enemy officers were eating lunch at the opposite end. President Albrecht, of the Bremen Club in Germany, was roused from his sleep by the seizure of his Rotary records. President Hans Hofmann-Montanus, of the Rotary Club of Salzburg, Austria, was imprisoned because he was a Rotarian. Men who value freedom as they value life itself found in Rotary fellowship warmth

while Europe was cold and light while Europe was dark.

How can we keep the peace? is the primary concern of European Rotarians. A strong and united West is generally believed to be the best insurance against attack from the East. It is often said over there that the enemy counts on the downfall and defeat of the West not by soldiers and cannon, but by the inward foe that is in every country. By "inward foe" is meant misery. Statesmen addressing Rotary Clubs often say that the standard of living must be kept sufficiently high to convince the people that freedom has a price other than misery and that they have something to defend. This is but to say that freedom depends not on soldiers and statesmen, but on the communities of the world. I found the Rotarians of Europe concerned with their communities and with the great community in which the whole world lives.

The postwar vacuum is in Europe too and made worse by the barriers that divide Europe into so many peoples. There are barriers of language, barriers of tradition and prejudice, barriers of supply and demand. The countries of Europe are trying through their Governments to get together and to break down these barriers. Rotarians are studying in the Clubs

the plans of Government to pool resources and to work together. They talk in their meetings of the Schuman Plan, the Plevén Plan, the Marshall Plan.

The vacuum is worse in Europe because of the destruction. The Marshall Plan is helping fill it. By Marshall Plan I mean all forms of American aid. Seeing Europe four years ago and two years ago and now, I have witnessed the initiative of brave people combined with what resources war had left them and with what aid the United States has given and loaned. Maybe some could have done it better, but that would be true in the United States or anywhere.

Barriers of hatred and prejudice cannot be broken down by Governments. Governments rather create them with armies and wars and treaties. They are accumulations of the past. And Rotary is uniquely equipped to penetrate and break down such barriers. When a young German officer ordered the Rotary Club of Bergen to disband, he said he was sorry to have to give the order because his father had been a Rotarian. When a member of the Gestapo stumbled on a prohibited Rotary meeting in France, he told them to go on with the meeting and said he had been a Rotarian at home. There has been no war be-

tween the Rotarians in Europe. Rotarians suffered because they were Rotarians in Germany and Austria and Italy.

Rotarians are breaching the barriers of prejudice at the adult level and at the youth level. Youth camps are held in Sweden and England and in Switzerland to which young people come from many countries. The Dutch took 60 young men from 12 countries on a cruise and entertained them in their homes before they returned to their families. These are some of many such programs I saw from Iceland to Italy.

I attended the meeting of the European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Advisory Committee at Rotary's European Office in Zurich, Switzerland. Twenty-five present and past officers of Rotary in multilingual debate discussed these and other problems. Unanimously they resolved to form intercountry com-

mittees to break down barriers of hatred and prejudice in the communities of Europe. Danish-German, German-Dutch, Dutch-Belgian, Belgian-French, French-German, French-Italian, Italian-Swiss, Swiss-Austrian, German-Austrian, and Austrian-Italian committees are being formed and some of them are already at work.

ALL over Europe it was evident that men there as everywhere now know that barriers have been the curse and their removal will be the cure of most of the problems that plague the world. Edward Shenton's poem* states the problem of civilization:

*The curse of man has been the wall
With which he hoped to save himself;
Behind its massive bulkward dwell
In safety with his earthly wealth.*

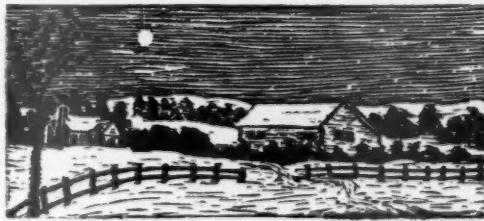
With sharpened stakes and clay and stone,

* Titled *Walls*. Reproduced by permission of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

*From age to age he built them high;
Until he lived apart, alone,
His soul imprisoned from the sky.*

*Tear down! Tear down! There is no
need
Of Battlements with cunning plan
That bind us each within our greed
And keep the hand of man from man.*

Tearing down walls, healing up wounds, weaving in their communities the fabric of peace: these are the individual responsibilities of Rotarians. Evidence comes to my desk in Chicago that Rotarians all over the free world are studying these obligations. They go at it simply, each in his own way. They seem to follow the pattern of the old proverb: "If there be righteousness in the heart, there'll be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there'll be harmony in the home. If there be harmony in the home, there'll be order in the nation. If there be order in the nation, there'll be peace in the world."



Woodcut by E. W. Bartlett

A LESSON from the FARM

By BERTRAND W. HAYWARD

FEBRUARY, 1952

*This barn, now double-windowed by the snow,
Resplendent in curtains of ancient lace,
Hanging motionlessly in curving charm.
Coolly dark and still, was a short time ago
Open to the Summer, and this place
Hummed as very center of the farm.
Both ends were open to the Summer day,
And hot sunshine was stored here as hay.*

*The mind could be the loft to stock away
Sun-soaked substance that, when life turns gray,
Might bring back Summer; ringed by bleak dismay,
Be storehouse holding treasure against decay.*

LORD HALIFAX: We Must Defend



Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, the first Earl of Halifax, has held some of the British Empire's most commanding posts: Viceroy of India, Secretary of State for War, Lord Privy Seal—to name a few. To this article he brings his experience as Foreign Secretary and British Ambassador to the United States during World War II.

TODAY what we accomplished at the Conference of San Francisco in 1945 has its critics. Pointing to the present state of the world, they will say that we made a poor job of writing the Charter of the United Nations. We were trying to win security, and we have got insecurity. We were aiming at peace, and we have got a "cold war." We were hoping for disarmament, and while Britain is working on a defense program that will cost us more than 13 billion dollars, the United States is committed to a still larger expenditure.

All quite true, but if the delegates to that conference are to be placed in the dock by public opinion, I think we should put in a plea of Not Guilty, or at least claim the benefit of extenuating circumstances. In fairness it should be remembered that all we did at San Francisco in 1945 was subject to two conditions, neither of which has been fulfilled. All along we said that for the United Nations organization to work properly, two things were necessary. One was that all the countries should want to work it, and

should loyally coöperate for this purpose. The other was that the wartime unity of the Great Powers should not be broken. We recognized that they would have occasional disagreements among themselves. We accepted the veto for, as we supposed, exceptional use, but we insisted that if ever the Great Powers were to fall into opposed camps, there was no magic in the Charter that could solve their differences.

I need not remind you how by bitter experience we found that neither of these conditions was to be fulfilled. Again and again Soviet Russia rejected our advances and frustrated our attempts to find peaceful settlements for the problems of the postwar world. In Poland and in Greece, in Czechoslovakia, in Germany, and more lately in Korea, we met with obstruction or naked aggression. In one country after another it became plain that nothing would satisfy the rulers of the Kremlin but submission, unqualified submission, to the will of Moscow. And so the past five years have seen the peace-loving nations pass from disappointment to disappointment, and from disillusionments to a grim determination that in future we must be in a position to call a halt to those who were threatening our peace.

That is a very brief record of what has been happening and why it is that during these years the United States and the British Commonwealth have been drawn into a new partnership, a partnership not for war, please God, but to prevent war; not to threaten the aspirations and the liberties of any land, but to defend them in all the countries which stand for a peaceful ordering of the world and for the right of men everywhere to choose their own form of government and to be the masters of their own political fate.

So we have come, step by step, into what is called the "cold war." I have sometimes thought that

term a little misleading. We have become accustomed to regarding a war as something which begins with a declaration and ends with a treaty of peace. But what is happening today is rather different. This so-called "cold war" had no recognizable beginning, and, I am afraid, has no end at present foreseeable. It may go on for years. It may test our patience and endurance to the limit. It is more than a war: it is a clash of creeds; or, if you prefer it, an active volcano, slumbering uneasily for many years and from time to time breaking into violent eruption.

OUT of such a situation has come this new North Atlantic partnership. We see it working in many forms, but especially in two: the economic and the military. On the economic side coöperation is ever increasing. It may be said to have begun, away back in the war, with Lend-Lease, and to have gone on with its postwar counterpart, the Marshall Plan, as generous and farsighted a plan as any that history can show. Its purpose, as we all know, was to rebuild the broken economies of Western Europe, so as to mitigate the hardships the peoples were suffering and so that the resistance they would be able to offer to any encroachments from the East would rest upon secure and stable foundations. We know, too, how successful the Plan has been and what renewed strength it has brought not least to my own country, but in greater or lesser degree to all the countries concerned.

Then there is the military side. Here coöperation is at work in many places: in Korea, where the brunt of the effort and by far the major part of the price in human lives and in resources has been borne by the United States, but where a British Commonwealth division is fighting side by side with American soldiers and Brit-

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

the FRONTIER OF FREEDOM

ish ships and airmen are also taking their part. The coöperation is also working in Western Europe, where that great soldier General Eisenhower is building up a formidable fighting force. At the chief danger point, the borders of Western Germany, we have at present four fully equipped divisions, and another division will shortly be arriving.

But I would like to look at it all in a rather different way. I think we are quite naturally inclined to survey that part of the scene which affects us most. We of Britain, living on a small island a few miles from the mainland of Europe and within easy bombing distance of Soviet Russia's principal air fields, are perhaps most sensitive to events in Germany and Central Europe. Americans, who are at the window looking out over the Pacific, are perhaps most concerned with what is happening in that part of the world which we call the Far East.

But it is a good idea sometimes to take a larger map than we have been using and with its help to look again at the scene. We shall

then see a vast curve, stretching from the Baltic eastward to the North Pacific. That curve, as we follow it, shows the frontier of freedom. Behind it Soviet Russia moves her forces—at present the forces of her satellites—now to this point and now to that, testing the strength of the defenses, seeking a vulnerable spot where it may be possible to break through. Today the pressure is on Korea, where Americans are so actively engaged, on Viet Nam, where the French are putting up so stout a fight; on Malaya, where for more than three years our men have been occupied in a jungle warfare of the most exacting kind. Tomorrow the pressure may be turned on to West Germany or Austria, to Yugoslavia or Greece, to the Persian Gulf or Hong Kong.

Wherever the threat may come, we must be ready to meet it, to hold it, and to strike back. So, with the help of that larger map, we can see not a few isolated centers of aggression, but a single line, which I have called the Frontier of Freedom. Along it, all have equal responsibility. Today

It is a single line and it traverses the earth. To hold it will require patience, endurance, and unshakable partnership.

It may be our turn; tomorrow it may be the turn of someone else; and our job is just to see that the part of the line we have taken over is not breached. Nor is it simply and solely a military question. The pressure, when it comes, may be political or economic.

I know, of course, that in all this the United States and the British Commonwealth do not stand alone. Many other nations, mostly in Western Europe, are with us and I would be the last to minimize the value of their contributions to the cause. Yet with full allowance for these, everything, I am convinced, hangs upon the close and continued partnership of the United States and the British Commonwealth. That association is the driving force for all the work which the countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organiza-

Cartoonist Carmack, of The Christian Science Monitor, views the wedge as "as much a threat as the A-bomb" . . .



Photos: (right) Rossart (left) © British Comline

Familiar are the symbols of the two powers whose need of unity the author cites—Miss Liberty and Big Ben.



tion are trying to do. And let all never forget that unless that driving force is sustained by a spirit of friendship and cooperation between our two countries, the work will not go on. Governments will not stop it.

Though we have changed our Government, the work will go on. If Americans should change theirs, the work will still go on. But if ever the ordinary people of these two countries change their determination to work together, not only as allies, but as friends, the work will not go on. Behind what our Governments are doing, behind the arrangement of the economists and the dispositions of the soldiers, is the task laid upon the people of the United States and Britain, of upholding this close association and friendship.

But that task is not always going to be easy. You might almost say that in a sense the union was a shotgun marriage. We did not come together just because we liked the look of each other's faces. Hard events brought us together; and then surely it happened that as we fought and worked side by side in a common struggle, the shotgun marriage turned into a happier relationship, of trust and of understanding and, I believe, of affection.

But the United States and Britain are still two nations, and because we are it would be strange and not altogether healthy if we always thought alike about everything. I am not bothering too much much about the extremists. We both have them. There are Americans who talk as though the United States were being turned into an extra Dominion of the British Commonwealth; and we have people who talk as though Britain were being turned into a 49th State of the American Union. Both are wrong. Both are talking nonsense. And neither, I fancy, is going to have much effect on public opinion in their country. If they are a problem, they are not a very serious one.

But I do think and bother sometimes about those other people who make much of the differences that arise from time to time. Of course there are differences. It would be surprising and rather alarming if when any question

arose, Americans at once agreed with the British or the British at once agreed with Americans. It would seem that someone was being a "yes man"; and in any partnership the "yes man" is a liability and not an asset. So long as we are as one on the basic questions, those that really matter, and so long as we credit partners with loyalty and integrity, differences about methods should not trouble us too much.

Some arise from honest misunderstandings, others from differences of method. As an example of the first, I might take our trade relations with Communist countries. While no one, I think, has seriously suggested imposing, or trying to impose, an economic blockade on Russia and her satellites, I can well understand the feeling that if Britain sells them articles they want, she is making them stronger. But the question really is whether we or they gain more out of the trade. Russia is not sending us luxuries, but necessities. For example, she is sending us the softwood we require so urgently for our plants and our houses. She is sending us food for our cattle and our pigs, without which we could not even main-

tain our present rather meager rations. If we did not get these essentials from Russia, we should have to get them from somewhere else, and as timber and foodstuffs are in short supply all over the world, we might not find that at all easy.

But there is the difference of approach. Some Americans disliked it when our Government recognized Mao Tse-tung and some British may not care for United States' dealings with Franco Spain. Differences of opinion of this sort are common among partners in every walk of life; and they will not destroy the relationship between them so long as each recognizes the integrity of the other and his devotion to the cause they both have at heart.

I have said that the North Atlantic partnership is not for war but to prevent war. And I believe if we maintain it in all its vigor, it can and will prevent war. If in 1914 Germany had been faced with an unbreakable association including Britain, her Commonwealth, and the United States, would that war ever have happened? I think not. If, in 1939, Hitler had been convinced that in fighting France and Britain he would also be fighting the United States, would he ever have marched his army into Poland? Again, I doubt it very much. So now, in 1952, I believe that as long as the present partnership endures, with all the tremendous resources it represents and its overwhelming preponderance in the potentials of war, the chances of peace are promising; but I believe that if ever, in a mood of impatience, or by allowing distrust and suspicion to spread like poison ivy, or even perhaps by some single act of folly, we let friendship lapse, that event would in all probability be the signal for the third world war to begin.

But we are not going to let this friendship lapse. We are not going to allow the partnership to be broken. We are going forward together, defending those things we hold in common and resisting those things that threaten us; and in so doing we may secure not only our own liberties and our own peace, but those of many peoples in many lands.

IT IS through fraternity that

liberty is saved.

—Victor Hugo

tain our present rather meager rations. If we did not get these essentials from Russia, we should have to get them from somewhere else, and as timber and foodstuffs are in short supply all over the world, we might not find that at all easy.

Critics may ask what Britain is sending Russia and her satellites in return. Lists would be wearisome but this I can say: Long ago Britain suspended the export of strategic materials, those which might be of direct use in war. Nothing of that sort is going, or has been going for some time, to Russia or China or any of the countries under Communist control. There are, of course, marginal items, goods which are pri-

Freedom is a Fraud

Some findings of an average husband

who yearned to slip his shackles.

ANONYMOUS

a Golden Grail—once you get in your hands you find it is a tiny thing—and utterly empty.

First off, in my widowerhood, I thought I needed the company of younger people. It hurt a little to find that, kind as they were, they did not need me. So, later on, I turned to my contemporaries — among them a widow of my own

age whom I had always regarded very highly. Keenly intelligent, she was gaining fame with the writing she had begun to do—but her conversation bored me unspeakably. Then, too, she became curiously possessive in a nice way, telephoning often to ask how I was feeling or to invite me to a gathering [Continued on page 51]

Illustration by
Gordon Mellar

TO MOST people—even to those most happily wed—there comes at times a vagrant and disturbing thought. "If I were only free . . ." is the tenor of it. "If I were only free, there are a million things I'd do."

Just a little freedom is all the nagging thought proposes. Freedom to come and go as you wish. Freedom to "splurge" when the mood strikes. Freedom to listen to that orchestra your wife can't stand. Freedom to buy the top-coat and hat *you* like. Freedom to—well, yes, to take a pretty and charming girl to lunch sometime as just a small venture into the realm of escape.

I'll confess, as not many married people will, that these wicked dreams pestered me for years—insinuating themselves into a very happy married life. They don't any more, however. I'm a widow now. For two years I've been my own boss. For two years I've been able to do as I like. I am free . . . and I have discovered that freedom is a fraud.

I am not tragically disillusioned. Rather, I'm a little amused. This complete freedom of movement and thought that some husbands and wives seek after as if it were





Mr. Ruffin is chairman of the board of the National Association of Manufacturers, was president of the Association during 1951. He has been a member of the Rotary Club of Durham, N. C., for 21 years, and is an executive of a textile mill in Durham.

It Is Preferable to Corporation-Income Taxes—but a Uniform Excise Is Better. Says WILLIAM H. RUFFIN

THE present tax program of the National Association of Manufacturers is the best measure of the depth of America's national fiscal crisis as we see it.

Last year the Association asked for higher Federal taxes—pay-as-we-go-taxes regardless of how much it pinched us—whereas in the past we had pointed out that Federal taxes were siphoning off venture capital, drying up the source of the new businesses, undermining the fiscal resources of the States, and weakening the commonwealth which the founding fathers established in 1789 as the glory of the modern world.

We still believed all we had said in past years about the evils of confiscatory Federal taxation. Our Association showed that approximately 5 billion dollars could be cut from the nondefense budget without hampering the defense effort. However, facing the necessity of rearmament at a time of record-breaking employment and production, burdened with a national debt of 258 billion dollars, we believed from the bottom of our souls that pay-as-we-go-taxation was the only alternative to an inflation which could wreck our whole economy. We still regarded exorbitant taxation as a menace, but inflation as a worse menace: Public Enemy Number One on the domestic front.

Having arrived at this conclusion, our problem

SALES TAXES

With 29 States collecting a sales tax, adoption by the U. S. Government of this form of tax has long been urged. Here leaders of business and labor air their views of this again timely question.—*The Editors*

DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH

No, It Is Not Based on Ability to Pay, Would Lower Living Standards. Says JAMES B. CAREY



Mr. Carey is secretary-treasurer of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) and president of the International Union of Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers. He has frequently advised U. S. Government commissions and is active in youth work.

THE MOVE to shackle America with a Federal sales tax is part of the drive to shift a still heavier tax burden onto the backs of those least able to bear it. It is a direct attack on the standards of living of our lowest-income families in order to protect the standards of luxury enjoyed by those whose incomes are highest.

The sales-tax propaganda, already widely accepted by the self-seeking and the uninformed, runs like this:

"Most of the national income goes to our millions of middle- and low-income families. Since rich corporations and wealthy individuals are already being milked dry by the tax collector, any increase in Federal revenue must come from the pockets of the millions of less well-off who are not shouldering enough of the load. The sales tax is an easy and quite painless way of doing it."

This statement distorts the truth. Let us look at the facts. In the first place, the "less well-off" are already bearing a disproportionately large part of the Federal tax load.

Early last year the U. S. Treasury estimated that more than 8 billion dollars would be collected in income taxes alone, in 1951, from families earning less than \$5,000. But this estimate was too low; it was based on income-tax rates as they existed before the recent increase. In addition, billions more were taken from these same families in excise taxes on

was: How could such taxes be levied with the least damage to our economy?

The first part of the answer to that question, we decided, was that the burden must be shared by all groups, including business, labor, and farmers. No group should be shown preferential treatment, and no group should be penalized. Remembering the old adage that it's the last straw which breaks the camel's back, we realized that the load of pay-as-we-go taxation must be distributed with great care.

Now there are three principal forms of taxation available to the Federal Government. These are: excises, the individual-income tax, and the corporation-income tax. They account for some 95 percent of all budget revenues.

First we took up the corporation taxes. We opposed the excess-profits tax, but were told by sympathetic observers in Washington that "the excess-profits tax is a fiscal absurdity but a political 'must.'" So we have an excess-profits tax.

As to the corporation-income tax—that, too, is politically popular. Corporations can't vote in national elections.

However, corporation-income taxes have been increased five times (including the imposition of the excess-profits tax and the increase in that tax) since the rearmament program got under way. And everyone knows that we must have increases in produc-

tivity and production in order to fill the needs of our armed forces and supply civilian demand. As Chairman Doughton, of the House Ways and Means Committee, remarked: "You can shear a sheep regularly, but you can skin it only once." So there is a limit to the amount that can be taken from corporations if we want them to continue production and expansion.

Here are some figures to prove that, in the corporation field, we've just about reached the end of the "sheep shearing" and begun the "skinning":

Out of an estimated 45 billion dollars of corporation income in 1951, more than half—26 billion dollars—will be paid out in Federal taxes, and approximately another one billion dollars in State taxes on income. That brings down to about 18 billion dollars the total of profits that could be taken by additional taxes.

Supposing that the corporations gave the investors who supplied their capital dividends that amounted to 4 percent of the national income—the rate paid in recent years compared with about 6 percent in the depressed '30s—that would amount to nearly 11 billion dollars, leaving only a little more than 7 billion dollars to be plowed back into business.

Obviously, that isn't enough. In 1950 these corporations invested the sum of \$16,100,000,000 in plant and equipment alone. It [Continued on page 59]

DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH

DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH

their 1951 purchases of cigarettes, gasoline, beer, and a long list of so-called luxury commodities.

Income-tax rates imposed on low-income families are already near the World War II peak. But since the \$600 exemption allowed for each dependent actually buys far less food, clothing, and shelter now than the \$500 exemption of the last war, the impact of our present income tax on low-income families is even greater than during World War II.

Budget studies of the U. S. Department of Labor reveal that today a city family of four needs an income of about \$4,000 to maintain an "adequate, but modest" standard of living, and this budget makes no provision for savings. However, in 1951, far more than 3 billion dollars was collected in Federal income taxes alone from persons earning less than \$3,000.

Who can deny that millions of low-income American families are being forced to bear a superbillion-dollar burden of Federal, State, and local taxes, even though their earnings are often insufficient to maintain even minimum standards of decent family life?

While higher taxes are also having a jolting impact on many middle-income families, the Federal tax structure has certainly had no crippling effect on the living standards of our top-income families and on the earnings of our largest corporations.

During 1951, according to estimates available at this writing, American corporate profits *after taxes*

will have totalled about 19 billion dollars, despite the so-called excess-profits tax. This total was exceeded only in 1948 and 1950, the record profit years in American corporate history.

And our corporations are not being unkind to the stockholders, despite the never-ending outcry that profits are never adequate to meet the "plowing back" requirements of business. Dividend payments in 1951 were exceeding the all-time record dividend deluge of \$9,200,000,000 chalked up in 1950.

Certainly, it hardly appears from the after-tax incomes of our corporations or the flow of earnings to their stockholders that they are being "milked completely dry."

According to the Federal Reserve Board's 1951 *Survey of Consumer Finances*, the top 10 percent of our family units by income received 27 percent of the nation's disposable personal income in 1950. In other words, with all Federal taxes paid, the top 10 percent of our families still had more than 55 billion dollars left. While about 7½ billion dollars of this total was saved (the top 10 percent accounted for 73 percent of all the 1950 net savings), the remainder certainly seemed enough to support more than adequate living standards.

In contrast, the 50 percent of our family units at the bottom of the income pile shared only 24 percent of the nation's disposable personal income in 1950. And they accounted for no [Continued on page 60]



Fact Finders for

OFFICIALS of the Jackson Iron and Steel Company, of Jackson, Ohio, had decided to make and market a new kind of cast iron—a warpless type that would hold its shape for years whether used on stoves or in furnace bowls. They faced one problem, however: no one knew how to make such a metal.

So the plan died there? Not at all. A determined lot, the Jackson iron men were also resourceful. They knew that up in Columbus in their own State is a huge research center called Battelle Memorial Institute that specializes in cracking just such industrial nuts. To it they took their problem. Several months later the Jackson firm was selling the new silvery pig iron that doesn't sag or shrink.

Meanwhile, the Sherwin-Williams Company was grappling with a peculiar problem related to the superinsecticide DDT. DDT was regrettably killing off the helpful ladybug beetle in apple orchards, but was proving ineffective against the destructive little red mite on which the ladybugs feed. The mites were threatening orchardists with ruin. Though Sherwin-Williams had developed a miticide which would do the trick, it had run into baffling snags on commercial production of it. Here again was a puzzle that maybe Battelle could solve. The upshot was that the famous paint, etc., company was soon marketing a powerful new miticide capable of dealing death to the mightiest mite, yet kind to the ladybugs.

There you have two problems more or less typical of the 2,500 sticklers Battelle Memorial Institute has solved for industry since its birth in 1929. Privately endowed, this not-for-profit organization is the giant among inde-

pendent research centers in the United States—and is still growing. Four times since World War II Battelle has had to add more buildings to its great rambling collection at neighboring Ohio State University—to handle the mounting volume of work flowing to it from industry and government. More than 1,700 top-quality researchers, working in 42 different departments from electronics to agriculture to ceramics, stand ready to jump on the problems Battelle agrees to tackle. And it's a rare problem that stumps them. For instance, they solved the tough one that came to them from the oil fields of Texas.

In the Permian Basin of west Texas and New Mexico, oil men were drilling 10,000 feet deep to get at the oil, but were having more failures than successes. Time after time their steel drill "strings" broke, often meaning the loss of the entire hole and sometimes a \$100,000 setback.

In 1945 two Texans, representing the American Association of Oilwell Drillers, headed for Columbus to tell their story to Clyde Williams, dynamic director of Battelle and for ten years an active, interested member of Rotary in Columbus. They hoped Battelle could find a solution, and they had the \$20,000 needed to finance a year's study.

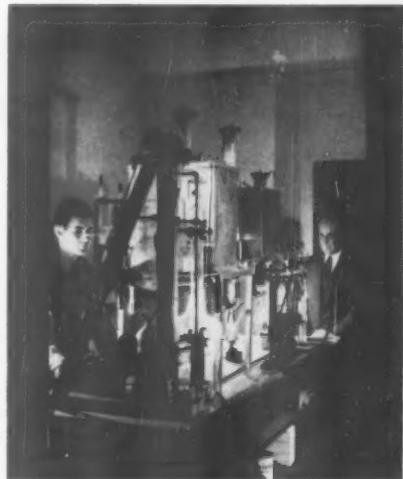
The problem appealed to Battelle engineers, and after a thorough study of it in the Institute's expansive scientific library, two of them, one with long experience in drill-pipe metallurgy, headed for west Texas. They spent six weeks in the fields, studying the problem at well after well. They noted where and how the pipe broke, and they studied the corrosion caused by brine and mud drilling solution. They sent sections of the cracked, broken, and corroded

pipe back to Columbus and eventually started home themselves.

They had a theory about the trouble and soon proved it. Thus Battelle advised the Texas oil men to add heavy steel collars to the end of the drill string. This would stretch the pipe and prevent bending. Battelle also developed methods of adding chemical inhibitors to the drilling solution and perfected a plastic coating for the inside of the drill pipes. As the Texas wells went deeper and deeper with seldom a broken string, the oil men were convinced they had taken their problem to the right place. They had found the answer at a cost which was less than the loss involved in one broken drill pipe.

Research—to stop right here and reflect briefly on the nature of this organization dedicated to it—is a lot of things. The famed inventor Charles ("Boss") Kettering has one of the simplest defi-

What do industrial gasses do to new heat-resistant alloys? Battelle's answer coming up!

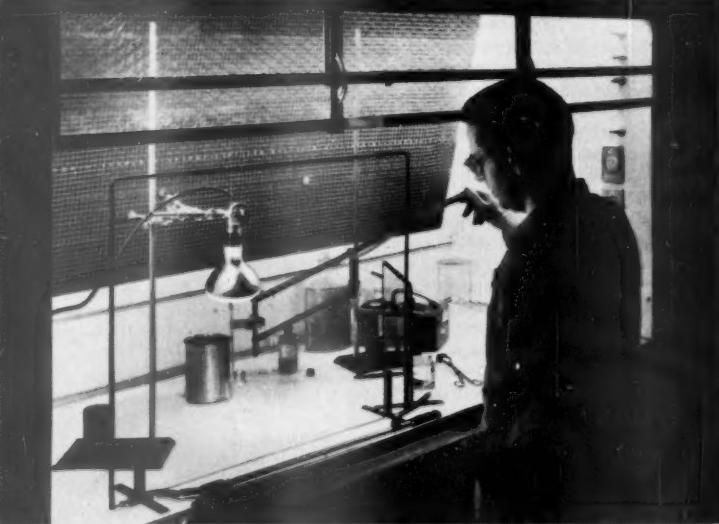


INDUSTRY

**How research centers like Ohio's Battelle
crack production nuts, yield better living.**

By GEORGE LAYCOCK

"Tagged" atoms work for industry. Here a Battelleman handles a radioisotope—remotely!



Photos (p. 14) Rittase; above, right: Ernest

nitions. "Research," he says, "is figuring out what you are going to do tomorrow when you can't keep on doing what you're doing today."* Every maker of goods interested in improving his product or developing a new one has to "get the facts"—and, more and more, he is turning to institutions like Battelle where fact finding is the one and only aim.

It was a young Ohio industrial-

* See *Don't Be Afraid to Stumble*, THE ROTARIAN for January, 1952, and *Get Out That Rut*, THE ROTARIAN for February, 1946.

ist who conceived the original idea for the big research center in Columbus. Gordon Battelle was his name. Experiences he'd had in mining and smelting in Missouri had impressed him with the value of research to the growing American industry. With his idea beginning to take form, he'd gone from one laboratory to another studying research methods—and thinking. Endowing the institution would pose no problem: Battelle had inherited one of Ohio's large industrial fortunes. When he died



What does fungus do to concrete? This technician observes samples as part of ceramic studies.

at age 40, he left a will providing for the foundation of the research center. With a staff of 20 scientists headed by Dr. Horace Gillett, one-time associate of Thomas A. Edison, it opened its doors in 1929. Incorporated not for profit, the Institute would conduct research projects on a cost basis and would turn over any new patents involved to the sponsoring company. The policy has been continued.

So has the policy of being choosy about problems Battelle takes on. It accepts only those which, in the opinion of its experts, have a reasonable chance to pay off for the sponsor. One of its

A roach gets a "hypo"—one one-thousandth of a cubic centimeter—to test new insecticides.



Human Nature Put to Work



My mother knew something about the power of curiosity in child raising. A religious person who tried to raise us in a Christian atmosphere, she nevertheless failed to get us to read the weekly church magazine—until she tried this: On the pretense of keeping the tablecloth fresh for dinner, Mother used pages from the publication as place mats under our cereal bowls. Every morning we absent-mindedly moved our dishes back to read the printing underneath. Years later Mother told us that she rotated the pages so that during the week we read each issue completely.

—Maude A. Anderson, Media, Pa.



At the drygoods counter of a large department store a young woman had purchased some dress material. She spread the goods on the counter and then clumsily started to lay a paper pattern on it. Noticing my curious stare, she explained, "I don't really know how to cut out a dress, so I start to lay it out here and immediately I attract a crowd of women. Women just can't resist giving advice and showing off their talents, so in a little while I have my material all ready to baste."

—Mrs. Helen Tardiff, Menomonie, Wis.



A friend of mine accompanied his wife while she shopped for her Easter outfit. With wild disregard for family funds, she ran up the cost to \$289. However, the husband didn't protest. He simply asked the clerk to deliver the purchases C.O.D. When the delivery boy called, he handed his wife the \$289—all in \$1 bills! She took one look at the stack of currency and exclaimed, "All this money for these clothes? Take them back!" When she shopped again later, her Easter outfit cost less than \$100.

—Frank Hague, Jr., Grantville, Ga.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

pieces of research that has paid its cost many times was a problem it shouldered for the book-binding industry.

Book manufacturers had long realized that they were paying rent on a high percentage of idle floor space in their plants. They knew what caused the trouble: the series of gluing operations involved in binding a book required as much as 24 hours for drying between operations. During it the books were taking up the space.

Thus representatives of the Book Manufacturers Institute called on Battelle, which first tried to find faster-drying glues and then got a better idea: the development of an adhesive that would dry almost instantly. This would eliminate all waiting between operations. This could put books, like automobiles, on a production line. After several months of tedious research, Battelle brains developed a hot-melt resin adhesive that met all tests. Most of the books you buy today are produced cheaper because Battelle made a new glue.

Industrial problems solved on the Battelle "campus" touch on daily lives of a large segment of the U. S. population. For instance, there is the coal stove which burns its own smoke, so great is its combustion efficiency. For another example, but this one still in the dream stage, Battelle ceramic scientists are trying to find out why dishes break. The ceramic industry, far from wanting their saucers to shatter so it can sell replacements, is footing the bill to put an end to the clatter in the kitchen.

Far from being a material for the dinner table alone, ceramics, according to Battelle scientists, hold promise as materials for parts of jet engines, rockets, and gas turbines. Many ceramic materials, they say, are lighter and can withstand more heat than metals. Neither do they corrode nor burn at extremely high temperatures. If they can learn what makes these materials brittle, and they're hot on the trail, both home and defense fronts will benefit.

Still another home-front investigation developed an entirely new and much simpler process for polishing metals such as silver-plated table ware: simply dipping the

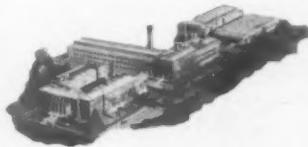
unpolished metals in a chemical solution. Items with intricate shapes which could not be reached with buffing wheels can be dipped and polished on every surface. In many cases this has reduced finishing costs by half. The process is now being widely used on brass flashlight cases, fire screens, screws, safety pins, finger rings, and other metal products.

When the shipping industry needed help in combating barnacles, which requires costly dry-docking of vessels and tedious cleaning processes, Battelle soon had an answer. Its scientists simply developed a new ship paint which contained barnacle-killing chemicals. Everybody was happy but the barnacles.

Battelle has also developed a soundproof plaster for assembly halls. Its scientists have a new process for making paper from straw, an agricultural by-product of little value.

While Battelle is a boon to large industry, it is often a lifesaver to small companies that can afford no laboratory of their own. At Battelle they can place their problems before highly trained and equipped scientists, hiring their brainwork done for the cost of time and materials involved.

There is evidence, as I have noted, that private industry has accepted the rôle of such research institutions as Battelle. Last year Battelle was hired to complete



Battelle's ample laboratories take up three city blocks in Columbus, Ohio.

more than 9 million dollars' worth of fact finding. Ten years ago the figure was less than half a million dollars. Other research centers show similar gains. For research paces greater industrial production and better living.

In the words of Director Williams, "Our great research, unlike our natural resources, is not subject to depletion. With research and technology—our greatest resources—there need be no limit to our industrial progress."

What you need to know about how to go to Mexico

**Basic information . . . leading
to Rotary's 1952 Convention.**

By ANDREW E. VAUGHAN, JR.

*Chairman, Rotary's 1952 Convention
Transportation Committee*

BY THIS TIME every Rotarian in the world must know that Rotary will hold its 1952 Convention in Mexico City, Mexico, May 25-29. By this time, too, every Rotarian—and his wife and children—must know that it promises to be one of the friendliest and most colorful gatherings in the 43 years of Rotary Conventions.

So—I need not remind you of the *fiestas*, balls, teas, folk dances, water ballets, and sight-seeing tours which our Mexican hosts are planning. I need not speak of Aztec temples and orchids for a penny, or of snow-capped mountain peaks and metropolitan modernity which is the talk of the architectural world. You've read* about these things or maybe seen them for yourself, and you may well know more than I do about the dazzling boom that ancient Mexico is enjoying.

On one point I should be able to help you, however—and that is on your question of "Well, if I can go, how do I get there? Where do I start?"

Let me say first that we shall have 5,000 to 7,000 men, women, and children from perhaps 50 countries pouring into Mexico for our 43d Annual Convention—the majority of them from north of the Rio Grande. In terms of trans-

portation, that's a lot of people, and while the great migration will be fun—as Rotary folks always make it—it will also present us with a few nice problems in logistics. To anticipate those problems—to smooth your way—Rotary created a year ago the 1952 Convention Transportation Committee. Open for business every day—and mighty busy—our Committee is located at 649 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York. Here is *your* clearinghouse on all matters related to your Convention transportation, your Convention hotel reservations, your pre- and post-Convention tours.

Now—with that brief preamble I'll get on with the answers, tackling them topically:

To MEXICO BY AIR. Huge *Aero Puerto Central* off on the northeast edge of Mexico City connects the capital with the world of air

* If you live in countries other than the United States and Canada, address your requests for information about transportation, hotels, tours, and travel documents to the nearest office of Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits/Cook or to the American Express Company. The 1952 Convention Transportation Committee has arranged with these agencies to serve you in these matters.

travel—and, incidentally, it welcomes some 100,000 passengers a year. Looking south from the United States and Canada, flying is the most popular and of course swiftest way to get to Mexico City; from most cities in those lands it's just a one-day or one-night hop. U. S. air lines have arranged to supplement their regular flights with many extra planes and advise us that persons who stay in Mexico less than 15 days can take advantage of lower-than-regular round-trip fares. The Transportation Committee will make air reservations from your home city to Mexico City and return. But apply early! "First come first served" must be the policy, and by applying early you assure yourself of space on the date you desire.

To MEXICO BY RAIL. Rail service to Mexico City is extremely limited, and probably not all who want to use it can be accommodated.



Photo: Henie



From the plumed feather dancers of Oaxaca to the new skyscrapers of the capital, Mexico confronts the eye with high variety.

* In such articles as *Mexico*, by Edward Tomlinson; *Persons of Progress*, by Robert Alvarez Escobar; and *You're Invited—We're Delighted*, by Clemente Serna Martinez, all in THE ROTARIAN for December, 1951.



MEXICO CITY

A map of the center of the metropolis

HOST to Rotary's 43d Annual Convention in May, fast-growing Mexico City now numbers some 2½ million persons. Among buildings shown on this chart are three Rotary will use: the Auditorium, Centro Deportivo, and the Palace of Fine Arts.



dated. Our Committee has "blocked out" space on trains rolling south from May 16 to 23, and going north from May 30 to June 6. This limited space will be reserved for those whose requests reach us first.

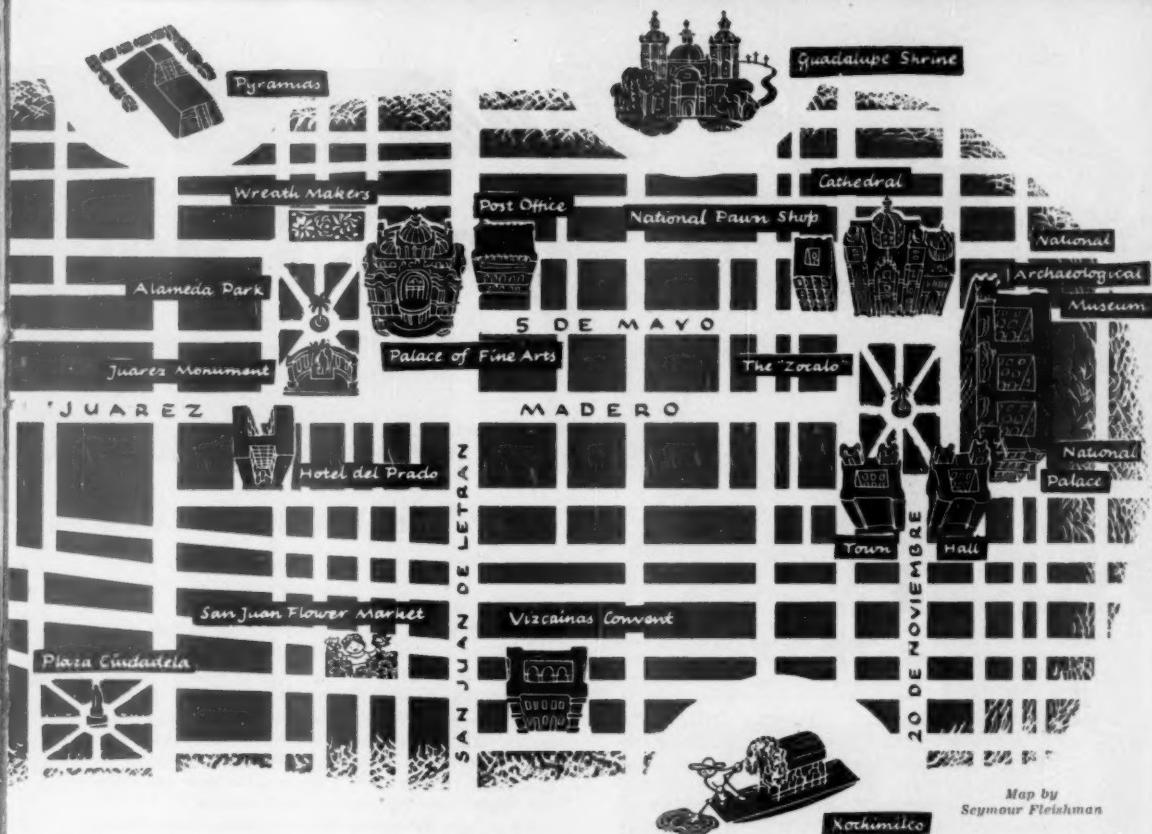
TO MEXICO BY AUTOMOBILE. As José Rivera told you in your Magazine last month, Mexico now has a large and growing network of first-class highways. If you plan to use them to get to the Convention, notify the Transportation Committee for this very good reason: we have information for you about car permits, insurance, motel and hotel reservations, etc.

Moreover, it will give us a "check" on the volume of Rotary traffic to expect on Mexican highways in May. What we learn, we'll pass on to you later—along with facts about the many Rotary Clubs along the U. S.-Mexican border and Clubs along the way in Mexico that are planning to welcome and help you as you slow down in their communities. Watch for last-minute facts about it in a Spring issue of **THE ROTARIAN**—probably May.

PRE- AND POST-CONVENTION TOURS. Most Conventiongoers will want to see more of Mexico than only its capital, fascinating as it is. They will want to view with their

own eyes the famed Taxco, Cuernavaca, Uruapan, and Acapulco they have so long read about. To help them do so, our Committee has authorized a sizable number of pre- and post-Convention tours. These, I should explain, actually play an integral part in our overall transportation planning. They'll help regulate the flow of Rotary folks into and out of Mexico so that carriers won't be overloaded just before and just after our five days.

INDEPENDENT TOURS. Several groups of Rotarians—in New England, New York, and California—advise us they hope to arrange in-



Map by
Seymour Fleishman

Xochimilco

dependent rail tours. If interested, contact our Committee. I've just learned that the 100 Peruvians who flew to our last reunion will fly to this one. *Hola!*

YOUR CONVENTION HOTEL ROOM. Rotary has under contract more than 3,000 rooms in some 70 hotels, apartments, and motels. These range from luxurious to average. If you hope to occupy one of these rooms, apply quickly to our Committee, the Housing Bureau of which is handling all hotel reservations. Certainly apply before February 15.

WHO WILL BE THERE? I've already ventured the guess that between 5,000 and 7,000 of your Rotary friends will be going into Mexico for the Convention. Besides, there will naturally be hundreds more from the 111 Clubs of Mexico itself. It's a "delegates' Convention" this year, as you know—like unto the one we held in Detroit in 1950. This applies a

light brake to attendance so that we don't rush in and overwhelm our hosts; yet it lets us roll ahead with an almost full-scale meeting. A number of broad categories of "who can attend" have been set up—and are listed on page 3 of THE ROTARIAN for November, 1951. I'll therefore hit only the high points—namely, that every Rotary Club is entitled to at least one delegate and one alternate regardless of size, and that every Club may have one delegate and one

alternate for each 50 members or major fraction thereof. The alternate, no less than the delegate, may attend—and his immediate family, too. You are neither? How about a neighboring Club that won't be represented? You can proxy for it—and attend. And so it goes. Look into the matter, fellow Rotarian. The chances that you can attend are good.

FINALLY. My "chief" in all this Convention arranging is your fellow Rotarian Frank E. Brennan, of Canada—Chairman of Rotary's 1952 Convention Committee. He, I understand, will tell you about the program of speakers, the matters of Rotary business, the real and deeper reasons for our coming Convention in Mexico in a Spring issue.

Yes, it's going to be a friendly Convention; it's going to be colorful; and, as all our great gatherings are, it is going to be full of meaning. Come and see.





A happy trio: a "G. I." at Fort Campbell, Ky., and Singers Dot Kimmons (left) and Martha Allen, of the Paris, Tenn., Club's "vet" show.

PVT. Garland Bowman, of Seymour, Indiana, is a "G. I." with time on his hands. He's in a hospital bed at Fort Campbell, Kentucky—and never gets out of it. Trussed up with cords, pulleys, and weights to help mend his injured legs, he is one of thousands of men in more than 200 Army and Veterans Administration hospitals across the U. S. A. whose days stretch into months and years of ward routine.

For these veterans of Korea and of World Wars II and I, a grateful Uncle Sam provides the best in medicine and surgery. But these aren't always enough. To offset hospital tedium, say the "medics," the boys need an occasional lift for their spirits, something special to perk them up. And that's what the Rotary Club of Paris, Tennessee, is doing for Pvt. Bowman and his buddies at Fort Campbell—perking them up!

A well-planned "Operation Fun Time" for the

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE



On With the Show for G. I. Joe

*'Vets' pack up their troubles
when Rotarians bring them a stageful of smiles.*

By ROBERT A. PLACEK

boys, it all began when the Paris Club heard of the need for "live" entertainment at Fort Campbell's 1,500-bed hospital. First step was to send a Committee to the camp to find out the kind of show the boys would like best. Tops on their list, it turned out, was square-dance music with plenty of lively singing—and pretty girls. So the Committee, headed by Wholesale Grocer Obie Atkins, set a date for a Rotary show—one built to suit G. I. tastes.

To do the job easily the Club could have hired professional entertainers. Instead it set out to produce a show with talented people from Paris and neighboring towns. Spot radio announcements every day for more than a week told of the Club's plans and requested singers, dancers, and musicians to come to the radio studio for auditions. The response, in show-business jargon, was terrific! Scores of young men and women came from miles around.

After weeks of auditioning for Talent Committee Chairwoman James Huffman and his assistants, Ray Pitt and Virgil Linder, 15 performers were chosen and the show began to shape up. A dress rehearsal held at the local high school for the public scored a hit, and the Club knew its show was ready. Came the big day and a motor caravan of Rotarians, their wives, and entertainers rolled toward Fort Campbell some 65 miles away.

Outfitted in "ten-gallon" hats and colorful Western shirts donned by a Paris shirt manufacturer, the eight-piece "Rotary Rhythmaires" took over the camp's auditorium stage at 6 o'clock one evening, and more than two hours later some 650 G. I.'s—most of them "vets" from Korea—were still shouting for more. And hundreds of patients unable to leave their beds in traction, amputee, and plastic surgery wards were remembered, too. The Rhythmaires' lovely trio went from ward to ward singing favorite songs, and wives of Rotarians wheeled carts

Scheduling another Rotary show at Fort Campbell are Charity Angle; Ernest Greer, Club President; and Captain Joseph Coffee, Army medical officer.



After harmonizing in wards for veterans unable to leave their beds, Dot, Margaret Simmons, and Martha sing again for the boys from the auditorium stage.

loaded with homemade cakes and bowls of punch to their bedside.

With typical G. I. brevity, an infantryman from Boston, Massachusetts, said, "Good show," when asked how he liked it. Ernest Greer, President of the Paris Club, was mighty glad to hear it, and added: "While listening to a square-dance tune, or humming with the trio, their minds were off their wounds—and that's good."

To bring the Rotary Rhythmaires back to Fort Campbell and to tour other Army camps, the Paris Club is presenting its show to civilian audiences to meet travelling expenses. It's a big job producing shows for veterans, but Paris Rotarians—and those of scores of other Clubs who cheer the boys in various ways—will tell you that it is fun and rewarding . . . especially when a soldier wheels his chair up to you and says, "That was swell! Comin' back, aren't you?"

So they could see the Rotary show, these paralyzed "vets" were wheeled in front of the stage. Martha and Margaret came down to chat with them.

Photo by the Author



Refreshments, too! Mrs. Ernest Greer was one of several Rotarians' wives who visited many wards with carts of cake and punch. Many of the "vets" took "seconds." Here Pvt. Garland Bowman is about to sample the cake.

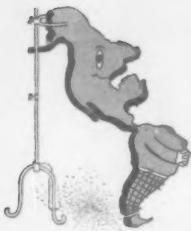


Before some 650 servicemen, "Slim" Dorch, of the "Rhythmaires" band, does a vocal number. The show ran for two hours, packed the auditorium.



In a ward Dot Kimmons sings a smile-bringing song. In Western garb is Rotarian Jim Huffman.





The Americas Sit for

THE big, four-motored Lancaster droned over Foxe Basin toward its base on Baffin Island. Flying Officer A. E. Tomlinson, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, looked out his window at the dunes of dense cloud that had stopped his day's work of aerial mapping. Suddenly he stiffened in his seat. Through a rift in the cloud bank he saw something—not open water or ice floes as shown on the map—but land!

Today, thoroughly photographed and mapped, the islands discovered that day add some 5,000 square miles to Canada's known territory, an area larger than Connecticut.

Flying Officer Tomlinson is not the only man who has lately tasted the thrill of discovery. In Panama, flying over the tangle of the Darien Jungle, other pilots have found a 100-mile-long range of 5,000-foot mountains—only a few minutes' flying time from the Panama Canal, and heretofore unknown.

Other men have found that

Cuba's picturesque Isle of Pines had been "misplaced" on existing maps—some 18 miles off location. The same is true of Mount Pico Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, the Xingu River in Brazil, and whole towns in Peru. Many an air-navigation chart has been declared "hazardous" as a result of these and other discoveries.

Such widely scattered findings are all part of an immense and little-known program now afoot in the New World. For today the whole Western Hemisphere, from polar Canada to the chill tip of Chile, is sitting for its portrait. Experts of many kinds and from many nations are coöperating to map every acre of it in great but uniform detail. The program—only six years old—is the largest mapping project ever attempted. It is based on a system of bilateral treaties between the United States and the Latin-American nations coöperating with the Pan American Institute of Geography and History. Though the Canadian program is in a sense unilateral,

beginning as early as 1921 when a few score square miles were "shot" from the air, it obviously constitutes a vital portion of the colossal job of mapping half the world.

In lay terms, these maps are measuring the earth as a sphere instead of as a flat plane. All the points are skilfully linked to other points. When complete, they will show the Western Hemisphere as a web of interlaced triangles—each point precisely determined by astronomy, tide measurement, and field surveys.

Maybe the work sounds like routine science. Scientific it is: in the 9,000-mile length of the Americas, the mappers are allowed a *total* error of about 15 yards. But routine the project is not. It is dangerous work, full of risks and high adventure.

Hacking into jungles that white men have never before seen, the men have side-stepped deadly bushmaster snakes and leopards. Scaling previously unclimbed peaks, they have been rattled



Canadian mappers use the Lancaster, famed War II bomber, to photograph Arctic areas.
Photo: RCAF



Inside the Lancaster a specialist wears an oxygen mask while he records the "shots." At his feet is the Canadian camera which photographs the region.



This typical air photo shows the Mackenzie River and surrounding barren Northwest Territories.

Their Portrait

History's greatest mapping project is charting new wealth, surer defense, and, for a hardy band, high adventure!

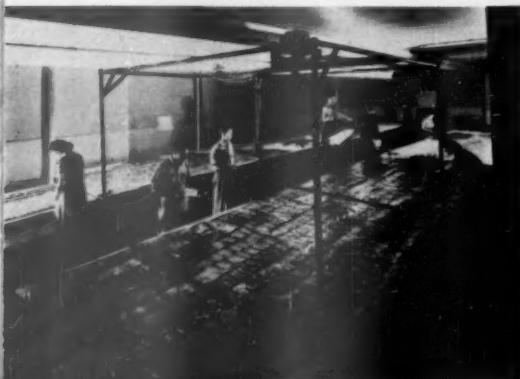
By W. J. BANKS and
BART McDOWELL

from their heights by earthquakes and volcanoes. Some of the mappers have even met death—by drowning in swamped landing craft, by falls from slippery cliffs, and even by lightning bolts attracted to survey instruments in great altitudes.

Some may ask, "Are maps worth these risks?" The energetic young men doing the work are sure they are. Already the corrected air charts have helped save other human lives. Then there is the matter of defense: in any global war these maps could mean the difference between victory and defeat, especially along Northern Canada's air routes to Europe.

Finally, the mappers point out what their data will mean economically. In dollars and cents, it is

The photographs, with a 60 percent overlap, are put together to make a great mosaic. Rephotographed and skillfully matched, the pictures provide the basis for Canada's newer aerial maps.



Atop the sharp summit of a peak, this U. S. map maker—like his counterparts all over the Western Hemisphere—is taking sights for his triangulation station. Some of the mappers have fallen from cliffs; others have been struck by lightning in high altitudes.



Photo: U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey

All the new hemisphere maps start from this marker on the prairies of Meade's Ranch in Kansas.



Triangulation of the U. S. resembles a great net.



Photo: Bass

Mappers in the Dominican Republic make an astronomical check for added precision. . . (Below) A reconnaissance party at work in Colombian jungle.



almost impossible to overestimate the program's value. Already the cartographers have played their part in developing Venezuela's new half-billion-dollar iron-mining industry. Over unseen horizons lie other minerals for future mines and oil fields. Certainly the program will help all the co-operating Governments to plan irrigation and hydroelectric developments, highways, railroads, resettlement projects, and even tax reforms. Eventually the maps should be of service in the conservation of forests, wild game, and soil.

Dead center for the project is a small marker imbedded in the Kansas prairies, on Meade's Ranch, the operations center for the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. Experts selected this spot years ago because of its location in the flat center of North America. From it a system of surveyed triangles stretches to Northern Canada and deep into Mexico. Now a new scheme of triangulation extends from Oaxaca, Mexico, to Southern Chile—some 7,000 miles, reconnoitered and marked with monuments. Another arc reaches from Bogotá, Colombia, through Venezuela to the Islands of Trinidad. Still another crosses Cuba and will eventually join points on other Caribbean isles.

Making these surveys straight across national boundaries has taken more than conference-table co-operation. To ensure uniformity, U. S. agencies have acted as a clearinghouse, furnishing to Latin-American countries many of the instruments and technicians to teach their use. But the work itself is being done by men of all nations—airmen, soldiers, sailors, and civilian workers. Their integrated work—and 18 million square miles means plenty of it—Involves several steps.

It starts with fast work. Pilots with a three-eyed aerial camera fly over the region to be mapped. At an altitude of 30,000 feet, they take overlapping pictures—straight down and to each side—which are developed and used for making a sort of first-draft map of the area. Already the Canadians have completed this trimetron phase of their aerial mapping. From these photos, which overlap about 60 percent

for accuracy, the RCAF is preparing corrected air-navigation charts.

After the plane-and-camera duty, the hard field work begins. Reconnaissance parties—about three men each in Latin America and the U. S.—go on field trips to find the highest points in the region. Sometimes they can use mules. Other times they must inch up dizzying peaks that leave the Andean llamas far below—climbing for five minutes, resting for five minutes as their lungs make use of oxygen in the thin air. The work is slow and often heart-breaking. One party of climbers, working on the Chilean-Bolivian frontier in the Andes, struggled up 18,000 feet to the windy top of Mount Santiago only to find their line of sight blocked by a little hill of only 16,000 feet. They had to wait a year before scaling the second peak.

After the reconnaissance parties have found the area's highest point, they build a temporary marker for the next group, the observation party. Usually this second group is larger—perhaps eight men with a train of pack mules. They must stay out for weeks or months at a time, taking thousands of pounds of equipment for the painstaking technical work. Like navigators on shipboard, they make astral shots for location. They determine altitude and distance between points, and they build permanent markers on the heights explored earlier. These markers must be correct to one part in a million, or, in a distance of seven miles, right to one-half an inch.

When [Continued on page 55]

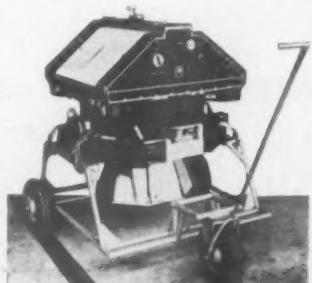


Photo: U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey

A specialized U. S. tool is this nine-lens aerial camera built to get topographic data and airport surveys.

Landlords vs. Tenants

A DEBATE BETWEEN PARKE CUMMINGS

Tenants Are Nuisances!

IT'S ALWAYS the tenants' fault. They demand too much, give too little, won't listen to reason. I know what I'm talking about. A year or so ago we decided to rent our home—a charming place in the country. We had been told that prospective tenants bicker about price, so we estimated a fair rental—and then added 25 percent. A good thing, too! The first prospects squawked about the price and preyed on our sympathies until the final figure took away nearly half the 25 percent increase.

Two days after our tenants moved in—people by the name of Clyde—I got a long-distance call from them: they couldn't get hot water in the upstairs bathroom. Well, do you suppose we could have lived there for 18 years without knowing that? I mentioned this to Clyde, and pointed out that he had hot water downstairs and that, anyhow, there's a certain primitive zest about washing with cold water. Nevertheless, he insisted on hot water upstairs. Finally I gave in. "Okeh," I said. "Get Mehaferty. He'll cost you less than any other plumber."

"Cost me less?" Clyde demanded.

"Mr. Clyde," I retorted, "in view of your nominal rent, I fail to see why I should pay."

Here Clyde revealed his breeding. He made some crack about getting a dozen floors at the Waldorf for only \$10 a month more, then said he'd send me the bill, and hung up. He did send the bill.

Next was the garage. Clyde wanted to keep his car in it. Now, when we rented our house, we didn't want our good furniture ruined. Technically we had rented it furnished, but I didn't construe this to mean the good stuff. So we stored it in the garage. I shall not dwell on the legal involvements that followed, except to say that Clyde ended up using the garage for his car and putting the furniture back into the house. "It seems so luxurious," he later wrote, "to have enough chairs so that all four of us can sit down to dinner at the same time."

You will deduce from the word "four" that the Clydes had two children. The youngest one stepped through a rotten board in the living room. That is the trouble with children: they simply will not use their eyes. When Clyde informed me about it, I took a conciliatory attitude. "As long as you have a new floor board put in," I said, "I shall make no complaint."

Here Clyde bellowed like an enraged bull. "Look, Cummings! Our Sandy broke his ankle on that board and furthermore . . ." The upshot was that Clyde took me not only for the doctor's bill, but for a new floor board.

So I say, when a man becomes a tenant he develops an attitude that makes it impossible for him to look at any question in a rational manner. Tenants—the heck with them!

Landlords! What Nerve!

WHEN we rented out our house, it meant that we had to find some other place to live. And the house we got we didn't particularly want. It was big. Full of modern appliances. Our own house had a handsome coal range. This one had a flashy-looking electric stove. Also a tennis court and three-car garage. And the rent was almost as much as we got from Clyde for our charming house. I am talking about real charm, you understand. Not the superficial kind.

Trouble developed the first day. My wife and I went out to inspect the grounds, and there behind the house was a huge garden: radishes, lettuce, peas, corn, and other vegetables yet to ripen. The same question went through our minds: Who was to take care of all this? Quickly I got our landlord on the phone—reversing the charges—and told him

we would have to have a gardener. He became evasive. "Help yourself to anything you want," he said. "Put up preserves, and can stuff, too."

"That isn't answering my question," I said. "Do we get a gardener or not?"

"If you choose to engage one at your own expense," he replied pettishly, "I shall have no objection."

We argued at some length, but Busby—he bore that name—remained stubborn. I acceded gracefully. "Nuts to you, Bus Boy!" I said, and hung up.

The next problem arose over the tennis court. It was a pretty good court. Busby said it cost him \$8,000, though I doubt if it stood him a cent over \$5,000. But it had no floodlights! I phoned Busby. "How do you expect us to play at night without lights?" I demanded. He took his customary stuffy attitude. "I have no objection to your installing lights if you bear the cost," he said.

Our Junior overheard this debate, and became understandably incensed. "Tell him," Junior said, "if he doesn't pay for the lights, we'll slash every mattress and greed."

In the house the day we leave." It almost made me weep to see how our fine, sweet-natured, sensitive boy had become warped and embittered at his first encounter with stinginess and greed.

With Busby it was always "No," "No," "No." No television sets for the bedrooms. No new rumpus room. And then came the meanest trick of all. We had been making a few transatlantic 'phone calls to some very dear friends in Paris to alleviate their loneliness in a strange land. Now, you probably won't believe this, but Busby had the gall to send us the 'phone bills and insist on our paying them—for calls made on his 'phone, mind you! When a fellow stoops to pinching pennies like that—well, how small can you get? I ask you!

What a sigh of relief we breathed when we walked out of that place!



EVER been in a dispute with your tenant . . . or landlord? Who is usually to blame when differences arise? To throw light on this timely and universal question we present the views of two authorities who—hmm, it turns out they are the same person. When you have finished reading this, you will be firmly convinced, or rather, you will agree that—well, it will be bedtime.—Editors.



Where Hearts Are Trumps

Framingham, 'Mass' (pop. 28,000), is the place.

For 25 years it will turn up cardiologic data.

By WHIT SAWYER

ON THE scenic four-lane Worcester Turnpike 20 miles west of Boston in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, is the city of Framingham with some 28,000 inhabitants. Until recently, besides the usual urban businesses, Framingham could account for a plant that manufactures paper novelties, the Teachers College, and the Cushing General Hospital, a facility of the U. S. Veterans Administration. Nothing unusual about that.

But today this New England community is a guinea pig in a nationally significant experiment which may eventually add years to the lifespan of human beings. For Framingham is conducting a 25-year heart clinic, the first and only one of its kind in the United States.

Heart specialists from Boston to California are tuning in their stethoscopes to hear the news beating out of the building at 123 Lincoln Street in Framingham. The men who are waging the all-out fight against America's Number One killer expect great things from this clinic.

How many residents of an average community have heart ailments? What causes high blood pressure? Arteriosclerosis? Coronary troubles? What relation has a person's way of life, his environment, hereditary traits, and diet to heart conditions?

These and many other questions may be answered for the scientists before the year 1973 rolls around.

Now, with the city already in the third year of its program, 4,000 residents have volunteered by walking into the clinic for meticulous heart examinations. At least 5,000 other Framingham hearts are being checked by random examinations. The clinicians hope to have at least 6,000 complete heart records of townsfolk between the ages of 30 and 60 years—the age bracket most apt to develop heart ailments.

To do this, the clinic must examine the same people periodically. If a man with a normal heart develops an abnormality, the clinicians will be able to go back over his record to try to determine the cause. Perhaps they will find the cause within his body, or perhaps in his work, his environment, or his diet.

In the course of these routine checks, whenever the clinic finds a disorder, the patient's complete record is sent to his own personal doctor. This way, he gets the benefit of the best professional experience. His only cost is a few hours of time.

Naturally, this community-wide project takes money. Through the Framingham health department, local doctors are doing their share. But the program is also supported by other groups: the United States Public Health Service, the Massachusetts and the American Heart Associations, and the Harvard Medical School. Their combined funds keep three doctors, a regis-



A patient gives his personal history to the Clinic receptionist.

Photos: (top of page) Framingham News; (all others)Courtesy

tered nurse, a group of technicians, and a receptionist on clinic duty.

For years men in heart research have considered the advantages of such a smoothly run, continuous program. They carefully considered sites for their effort, but they finally selected Framingham for three good reasons:

1. The city's size afforded the right number of citizens in the 30- to 60-year age bracket.

2. It was a self-contained community with a variety of small businesses and activities. What with both farmers and commuters, it was neither too urban nor too rural to be "typical."

3. Framingham had a stable population—so that persons could be examined there year after year.

4. The city had a fully staffed full-time health department with experience in surveys. Back in the early 1920s it carried on an extensive tuberculosis survey.

The physicians noted these qualifications and nodded to Framingham. To lay the groundwork, a citizens committee was organized. For eight months these people spread the story of the program. They told their neighbors why the medical study was important. They explained ways that townsfolk could cooperate. In school programs and at meetings of service clubs—including talks before the city's 62 Rotarians—the

committee did its public-relations job. By the time the clinic opened its doors, Framingham citizens were eager to "bare their hearts."

Of course, a number of the early volunteers were people who had merely imagined that they suffered heart ailments. But even these cases served their purpose. Clinicians found better ways to examine people. And the volunteers themselves were reassured about their health.

Today, the examinations are moving smoothly. But a continued educational job remains. For, as the Clinic's Dr. Thomas R. Dawber explained at a recent meeting of the Framingham Rotary Club, the success of the program depends on continued community interest—a full generation of it.

Each citizen's heart record fits into the research pattern. A specialist reviews each phase of the report. Blood analysis, electrocardiogram, X rays—each is checked by a technician.

Blood samples are examined for syphilis, diabetes, and glucose content. One small quantity of blood even travels to Berkeley, California. There Dr. John Gofman, of the Donner Laboratory, studies the causes of hardening of the arteries, coronary diseases, and high blood pressure.

Dr. Gofman and his associates send back reports to Framingham. Especially interesting is chole-

sterol in the blood—a fatty substance which may coat the lining of blood vessels. It is possible that cholesterol influences many arterial ailments, and it is probably the result of diet. The specialists have found that many noncoronary patients have little or no fat molecules in their blood.

Does this mean that we may be eating ourselves into heart illnesses? Perhaps. And could we, by adjusting our eating habits at certain ages help prevent heart pathology? The men of the Framingham Clinic and the Donner Laboratory think that it's possible. Here are some premises they are studying:

1. When the first signs of cholesterol molecules show up in the blood, the patient should start thorough treatment to prevent an attack of thrombosis.

2. A person might avoid hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) by sticking to a fat-free diet.

3. If a physician suspects a heart condition, he should make a blood examination as a matter of routine.

The clinicians are also considering high blood pressure or hypertension, the condition that brings on cerebral hemorrhage. New ideas and remedies are being tested. For example, the salt content of the blood can be reduced

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE



Process starts with stethoscope, gets more detailed.



Reading X rays, Dr. D. E. Love dictates on a wire recorder the examination results for a full case history.



Dr. Dauber keeps a close watch on research trends.

by drugs—just as hard water can be softened chemically. Too, scientists believe that new hormone research and the use of cortisone may aid treatment.

All this research—in Framingham and in dozens of other centers—gears into national and indeed international efforts to learn more about the heart and circulatory system. Because of the progress medicine has made against other diseases, death rates have dropped, leaving more people to die from cardiovascular diseases today than ever before. Almost half the deaths in the United States are due to these ills. Furthermore, some 9 million persons in the U. S. suffer from these disorders—500,000 of them elementary- and high-school children.



Dr. Dawber and Director Kenney stand out front of Framingham Clinic, a converted residence on Lincoln St.

Physicians are still in the dark about the direct causes of rheumatic fever (which annually strikes 50,000 children in the U. S.), hardening of the arteries, and high blood pressure. Together

these three conditions account for 90 percent of all heart and blood-vessel diseases.

Causes must be explored. So must new devices and techniques for diagnosis and treatment. Because of improvements in heart surgery, for example, many scientists are working to perfect a mechanical-heart apparatus to take over during operations. Some of Framingham's discoveries may aid this sort of work.

Naturally, with but three of the 25 years complete, conclusions must wait. As any researcher will tell you, discoveries come only with patience, time—and chance. But chance or not, one thing is sure: for Framingham citizens, hearts will be trumps for a long time to come.

Here Comes the Book Boat!

TO THE little isolated communities of Southeast Alaska, small gas launches are not strangers. For years, craft belonging to the Salvation Army, the U. S. Forest Service, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and other groups have plied the waterways of Alaska's Panhandle. They keep the communities in touch with the world.

But recently, into the harbors of some 20 tiny outlying villages, the boats have begun to carry a new cargo—books from the first "travelling library" in Alaska.

Numbering only 50 to 600 inhabitants, towns like Hoonah, Kasaan, Angoon, and Klawock have never been able to afford municipal libraries. There have been no "Bookmobiles" because the widely scattered settlements are not connected by roads. Providing libraries for these places was a thorny problem.

Main Street, Craig, Alaska—typical of ports the library launches serve.



Photos: U. S. Forest Service

But the challenge appealed to the Sears-Roebuck Foundation. This organization began a campaign to bring books to the settlers on the bays and fjords, on islands and the mainland.

But the Foundation needed an Alaskan co-sponsor. Would the Rotarians take the job? They would! Would the city librarians of Juneau and Ketchikan act as routing agents for the book collection? Very willingly. A general director was needed to spearhead the undertaking at the Alaska end, and the Foundation took note of a well-proven saying: "When you have a big job to do, ask a busy man to do it." Rotarian Frank Heintzelman, forester for the Alaska Region of the U. S. Forest Service, cheerfully slipped the straps of a new pack onto his practiced shoulders.

Forester Heintzelman has carried packs of many shapes and sizes in his 35 years in Alaska. In addition to administering the national forests, he has raised funds for cancer control and collected \$70,000 for a Memorial Library building in Juneau. As both a Rotarian and the chairman of the Memorial Library board, he was the ideal liaison man for the participating groups.

His own agency, the Forest Service, in the course of regular field trips, began to move books from one town to another at intervals of a month or more. But the Ranger boats soon had help: the Presbyterians' mission launch, the Princeton-Hall; the Public Health Service boat, the Hygiene; the Waters of the Geological Survey;



the Salvation Army's Evangeline Booth; the Grizzly Bear and other vessels in the Fish and Wildlife fleet.

Soon the co-sponsors found themselves playing the old game of "what book would you take to a desert island?" An imposing roster of specialists took up the task of selecting 1,200 titles for the Alaska villages. It was not easy. Though most of the library patrons are engaged in the fishing and lumber industries, their backgrounds vary sharply. Some towns are entirely settled by Indians; others by men of other nationalities.

But combining and balancing the choices, the workers produced a catalog embracing fiction, Diesel engines, travel, mineralogy, Indian lore, and most every other subject.

Today, as the book boats move along with the project, still larger plans loom up. Director Heintzelman wants to make this a "pilot" library—an example of what a regional library system can become. He foresees the day when books will circulate through the interior and north of Alaska as the mail travels now—by bush plane and dog team; while to the southeast the little gas launches continue to serve the readers of Elfin Cove and Metlakatla, Yakutat, Hydaburg, and Haines.

And the significance? It's hard to measure—just yet anyhow. Who could have predicted, for instance, that when a certain frontier boy named Lincoln walked 18 miles just to borrow a book . . .

—Catharine M. Gleason

So I Said:



Harry L. Ruggles

SOMETHING'S happened—something to put the tingle in the veins of a man 80 years old!

Here my Josephine and I have been living quietly in Beverly Hills like thousands of other retired couples spending sunset years in California. Then suddenly comes a command—that's what they called it—for me to go back to Chicago to be honored guest of the Rotary Club I helped Paul Harris get going back in 1905. And now I'm asked for reminiscences of those days by *THE ROTARIAN*.

Well, I can't turn down *THE ROTARIAN* either. You see, I was on hand when it was born too.

That was in 1911. Paul Harris was eager to have more Rotary Clubs and thought it would be helpful to circulate a long article he'd written about *Rational Rotarianism*. Chesley R. Perry was Secretary of the National Association of Rotary Clubs—now Rotary International—and grabbed the idea. He'd make Paul's article into Volume I, Number 1, of a regular publication. Ches didn't have any money for it—but that didn't stop Ches. He got advertisements and persuaded me to print *THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN*.

It was a flimsy little thing—tabloid size and 12 pages. Only Paul and Ches could have foreseen *THE ROTARIAN* of today coming from it. But that's the sort of men they were. They remind me of a phrase I've heard my father read from the Bible many times at our morning family altar at our old home in Decatur, Michigan. It's this: ". . . your young men shall see visions."

Paul was a man with a vision. I first

A CLUB SERVICE FEATURE



met him when he came into my print shop one day with copy for a letterhead. Paul was a good-looking young fellow—mustache and all—who was just beginning to dig in his toes as a lawyer. Much of his practice was handling bad debts for doctors. In fact, collecting an I.O.U. led directly to starting the world's first Rotary Club.

Here's the story: One day Paul had business in a Chicago South Side coal office. As he passed a desk near the door, a young chap introduced himself as Silvester Schiele.

"I loaned \$20 to a friend several months ago," he said, "and when I asked him recently to pay up, he told me, 'Try to get it! Could you help me?'

Paul took the I.O.U. and was back in a few days with the 20 bucks.

That little incident is worth remembering, I think, because in it is the nubbin of what started Rotary. It's simply that business is honorable and that through it one can and usually does find friends. Collecting that I.O.U. brought Paul and Silvester together. They liked each other—and did for the rest of their long lives. When Paul got the idea for "a new club," he naturally talked to Silvester about it first—and Silvester became its first president.

What made Paul's club unlike all oth-

I'd point to my new printing accounts or to the estate business turned over to our lawyer member, Paul Harris, by Barney Arntzen, the undertaker. Why, we even had a "statistician" to keep tab on business given and received among members. That position was abolished after about five years, but as late as 1910 when a bunch of us Chicago Rotarians paid our way to Minneapolis and St. Paul to organize Clubs, we stressed the profit angle. I doubt if we'd have got started without it.

Exchange of business was, in a way, selfish. That's what critics tell us. But I think they skip a point very important to us in those days. It is that although we ourselves expected to profit from business exchange, we felt good way down inside because we were helping the *other fellow* by bringing him new customers.

We even had a Committee for the job. Any Rotarian "in Dutch" with his creditors, or even his wife, could go to it for advice. Often advice was all that he needed. If he was short on capital, we'd get a loan from Rufus ("Rough House") Chapin's bank, various Rotarians endorsing the note. We raised \$1,600 for one chap, I remember, and that was a lot of money in those days when butchers gave away liver. Most borrowers



Paul Harris: in 1905, when he founded Rotary's first Club (in Chicago) and in 1945, two years before his death.

made good. But one fellow in the then new tire business got into trouble so often we got tired of bailing him out—and so gradually let the business-exchange idea die out.

But as we took a personal interest in the success of fellow members, we got to thinking about *how* he did business. Did he charge enough to get a profit to keep going? Did he cheat? Was he square with employees? Or did the trouble lie in his competitors? Soon it dawned on us that if we as individual businessmen were to make a go of things, we'd have to clean up crooked practices in our trades. That led to the "every Rotarian an ambassador to his craft" idea.

My trade being printing, I helped to start the Ben Franklin Club among my competitors. At first it was a social society, but before long some of us insisted that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" and that we should figure fair



Law trained and scholarly, Founder Paul Harris nevertheless loved fun. He's the flexy-haired "Danish maid" (left)—the photo staged during his 1932 visit to Copenhagen... (Below) The "Official Car" at Rotary's first Convention: Chicago, 1910.



ers at the very start was that instead of drawing together like-minded men—all lawyers, all doctors, and so on—it took men from different lines. That set the pattern for Rotary's "classification principle," still followed. Paul's idea was that it would be natural for noncompetitors to get acquainted easily and then swap business, but we soon had rules to make sure they did. Getting new customers was important to us young fellows struggling to get ahead in a big city!

I used to lure new prospects by telling them "we're one for all and all for one"—and "being a member is like having, say, 25 salesmen out working for you."

costs in our quotations—say, \$2 an hour for type composition—and so on. A businessman's first responsibility, we used to say, is to himself—to stay in business. Unless he did that, he couldn't serve his creditors, his employees, or his customers.

Other Rotarians—not only in Chicago—picked up such notions, and out of them came the effort to get trade associations to adopt codes of ethics. Nobody says Rotary's Vocational Service of today is selfish, but it all started with the scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours idea. I see no more reason to be ashamed of that than for a man being ashamed that once he was a boy. What's important is that we grow up.

But if you think back scratching is all we thought of when Rotary was young, you make a mistake the size of a courthouse. Sure, one of the two Objects in our Constitution—written in 1905 and adopted in 1906—was "The promotion of the business interests of its members."



A "stick-up" down under. To make Chicagoans Paul and Jean Harris feel at home during their visit in '35, some Australian Rotarians play this prank on them. Just fun!

| | | | |
|--|-----------|---|-----------|
| S. SCHIELE, Coal Dealers Soc. Coal Co. | South 101 | J. J. COMSTOCK, Commercial Merchants 20 Madison Street | Tel. — |
| FRED P. HARRIS, Attorney Court 2120 Attn. 1801 | | J. J. MURPHY 141 West Clark Att. 1410 (or 1411) | |
| G. H. LOEHR, Mining 711 Unity Building | South 101 | C. R. C. HAWLEY, Optician Chicago Jewelers' Stock Bldg. Court 2120 Attn. 6477 | South 208 |
| H. L. RUGGLES, Lawyer 141 Monroe Street | South 101 | G. E. CATERBELL, Tailor 91 Madison Street | South 101 |
| WILLIAM JENSON 100 Wabash Avenue Bank Employees' Retirement and Insurance Court 1200 Attn. 1005 | | J. H. H. MECHTHER (Business for Vacant) 47 Wabash Avenue | South 101 |
| DR. GEO. E. BAXTER, Physician 24 Wabash Avenue | South 101 | J. P. SULLIVAN J. P. Sullivan & Co., Printer and Binders 300 North State Street | South 101 |
| 1916 Congress Avenue (1100 N. M. & 1107 M.) (1100 N. M. & 1107 P. P. M.) | | DR. WILL R. NEFF, Dentist 1112 Republic Building | South 101 |
| J. E. TURNBROOK, Life Insurance 400 Madison Building | South 101 | CHARLES R. MILLER O.P.A. (or 1410) (or 1411) 200 Madison Street | South 208 |
| ARTHUR E. SPERRE Farms and Orange Manufacturer 1010 Randolph Street | South 101 | HARRY STROH 1010 South Dearborn Street | South 208 |
| E. W. TODD, Hoy and Griss 1314 Wabash Avenue | South 101 | GEORGE CLARK Suburban Park | South 208 |
| A. L. WHITE Flame and Orange Manufacturer | | Meeting Members | |
| H. H. PORTER 1010 South Dearborn Street | | H. H. PORTER 1010 South Dearborn Street | |
| GEO. CLARK Suburban Park | | GEO. CLARK Suburban Park | |

In August, 1905, Rotary's Number One Club issued this roster. H. L. Ruggles is fourth on the list.

But don't overlook the second: "The promotion of good fellowship and other desiderata ordinarily incident to Social Clubs." To us, both were as natural and normal as having a right and a left hand—as in the case of Paul meeting Silvester.

Paul was the friendly sort. He liked the "Good morning, Paul" he used to hear as a boy back in Vermont and missed it. He used to tell how a lawyer friend, Bob Frank, made him hungry for it. Frank had invited Paul—in 1900 I think it was—out for dinner in his suburban home. All the way down the street it was, "Hi, Bob!" It seemed such a good custom Paul got to thinking about ways to develop it in Chicago.

So he talked it over with Silvester and the Club was organized in 1905. That's what the official record says. But I distinctly remember one hot Summer day in 1904 that Paul discussed the idea with

me, and I printed at least four jobs dated 1904 for the Club. I've had lots of arguments about all this with Charlie Newton, our insurance member of the 1905 class, who is now my neighbor in Los Angeles. I can't convince him because long ago I burned all those old job tickets. Probably even if I could show him the stuff, he'd say the "1904" was a printer's error. Well, what's the difference any way? The American Declaration of Independence wasn't signed on July 4, though we celebrate it on that date. Whether Rotary started in 1904 or 1905 isn't important—except to me. I'd like to win just one argument from Charlie Newton!

The official record says on the evening of February 23, 1905, Paul and Silvester dined at Madame Galli's restaurant, then went to the office of Gus Loehr, a mining engineer and promoter, in the old Unity Building where Paul also had hung his shingle. Gus had invited in Hiram Shorey, a merchant tailor. Paul outlined his plans and they agreed to start the club. I was on hand a couple weeks later with the original four at Paul's office for a meeting. The third session was at Silvester Schiele's coal office on State Street near 13th, and to this one came Bill Jensen, a real-estate agent. That in a capsule is the official story.

How did we get the name "Rotary"? For a few months I called it the Booster Club, but we were meeting in rotation at members' offices and stores so Paul's suggestion, "Rotary," seemed to fit. But there was another reason for choosing it, and here's the way Paul Harris him-

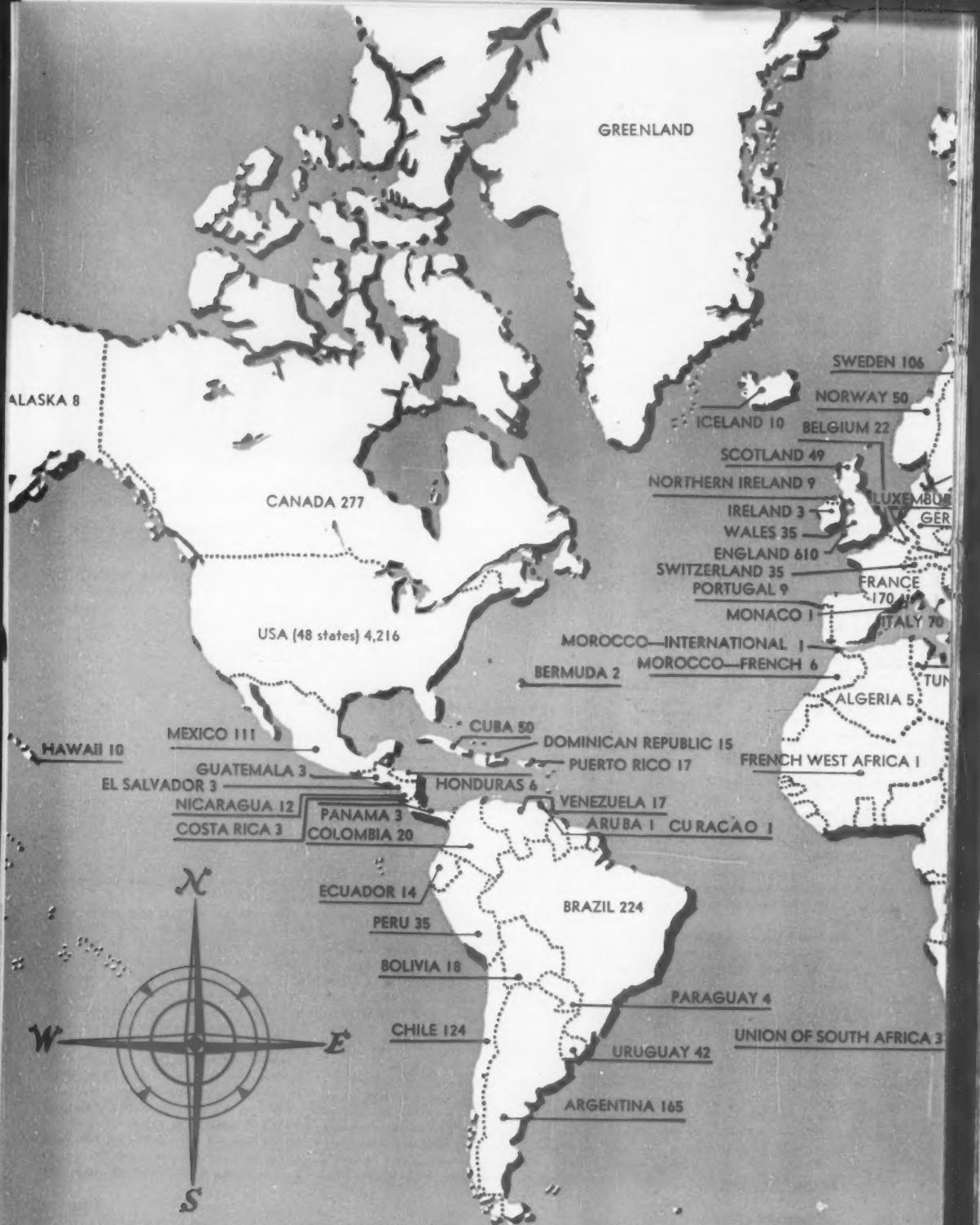
self told it in a special Rotary edition of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* for February 23, 1922:

"The almost forgotten reason," he wrote, "was that it was our plan to elect to membership for one year at a time, making it necessary for each member to stand the test of reelection each year. We thought that such provision would stimulate regularity of attendance, but this plan was never put into effect."

The reason it wasn't in also worth recalling because it started the custom of fines. Every member of the Chicago Rotary Club who failed to attend a meeting—with or without excuse—was fined 50 cents. In 1908 we fined a member 50 cents more if he didn't send in a return postcard stating whether he would or would not attend. Fines provided all our income—but remember, a half dollar in those days was half of a real dollar and would buy a good *table-d'hôte* dinner.

The scheme worked only fairly well. "Rough House" Chapin (we called him "Rough House" because he was so quiet) had been named Treasurer, succeeding me, and his report on June 20, 1908, showed we had about 175 members and that fines and semimonthly assessments for the preceding nine months amounted to \$533—with a balance, after allowing for unpaid bills, of \$1.84. Paul Harris was President, and, in a letter to members, had this to say:

"At the last meeting of the Ways and Means Committee, it was decided, owing to the natural reluctance on the part of his Majesty the American Citizen to pay anything [Continued on page 48]

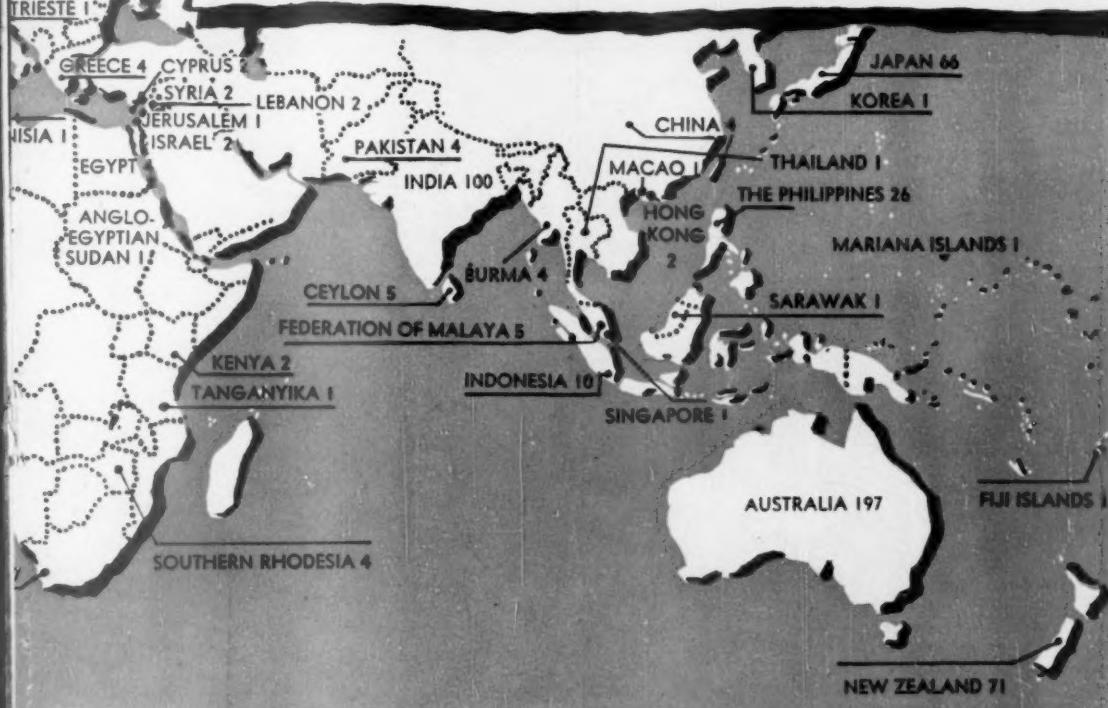


A WORLD FELLOWSHIP OF BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONS

World Map of Rotary



Every minute of every day of the year a Rotary Club is in weekly session somewhere . . . for, since its origin in Chicago 47 years ago this month, Rotary has spread to 83 lands around the earth and now has 7,400 Clubs with 350,000 members. Whether they conduct their meetings and plan their projects in Tamil, Tagalog, Arabic, Finnish, or English, these business and professional men find in their Clubs the same friendly fellowship and the same channels for their good impulses. . . . Numerals on the map indicate the number of Clubs in each country as the record stood on December 4, 1951. With Clubs averaging just under 50 members each, readers can estimate the number of Rotarians in each land.



ONAL MEN UNITED IN THE IDEAL OF SERVICE

Lenoir Turns on the Sound

How some Carolina Rotarians are opening a new world to deaf tots.

YOU'VE watched movies when the sound went dead. The picture that rolls on is pretty flat, isn't it? Do you suppose it's something like that to be deaf—all of life resembling a silent movie?

I wondered about that some time back as I watched a basketball game in Lenoir, North Carolina. All the thunderous noises of the game were ricocheting arbound the gym—the stomp and screech of 20 feet, the slap and swish of the ball, the "Yea, team, fight 'em!" of the pep squad. Yet beside me in the bleachers were a flock of wonderful kids who'd sat through many a game like this and never heard one decibel of them. Tonight, however, they were getting it all—with hearing aids just given them by the Lenoir Rotary Club.

Yes, like Rotarians in San Bernardino, California, and Nashua, New Hampshire,

and a hundred other places, those in Lenoir help deaf and hard-of-hearing children. Through a program headed up by Merchant Guy Connelly, the Club goes into the State School for the Deaf there in Lenoir and gives needy students hearing aids they can keep. The State couldn't be expected to do so. Then, each Autumn, the Club asks all public-school teachers to watch for hard-of-hearing children. With some fine coöperation 'twixt teachers, school nurses, parents, doctors, and the School for the Deaf, the Club then provides hearing aids for all Lenoir tots and teen-agers whose families cannot afford them—also bearing costs of medical examination, and supplying transportation. And the reaction to all this—well, Barbara's (below) is typical—and who could want anything more? Besides, the children

often put on a program for the Club and even staged one at our last Spring's District Conference. As one Rotarian put it, "It sort of chokes you up."

Hearing aids cost money, of course—\$60 and upward each. To raise funds Lenoir Rotarians got the idea three years ago of staging a high-school basketball tournament—for both boys and girls. Twenty-three teams competed last year; even more will this Spring and once again the Rotary Club of Lenoir will have about \$500 more to help make a big and welcome noise for some promising children who'll love it.

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



It's a happy school day as these children get hearing aids from Lenoir Club President Barton Hayes. Note the aids in pockets.

Lenoir, N.C.
Hudson School

Dear Rotarians
This encloses my
appraciation for all the
wonderful things you
have done for me. She
hearing aid is wonderful
and it is also wonderful
to hear again.
I am very proud of it
and I am so happy that
you have got it for me
because it means so
much to me.
It is a beautiful
hearing aid and so tiny.
It has the loveliest case
I have every owned and
I feel proud to own such
lovely case & hearing aid.
Thank you so much.
Sincerely yours
Barbara Griffith



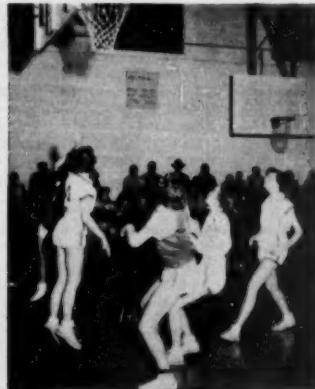
"Hmmm! Sounds fine!" Past District Governor Walter Nau listens to the hearing aids given by the Lenoir Rotary Club to these little girls.



Club Secretary Russell Zook presents a hearing aid to this youth as part of a regular Lenoir Rotary Club program.



Captain of the winning basketball team in the 1951 Rotary tournament gets a trophy. The benefit raised \$500.



Two girls' basketball teams show tricky footwork in the Rotary tournament. Eleven girls' teams took part.

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Machine Made.** In 1949 Arthur C. Hillman, 1851-52 President of the Rotary Club of East Patterson, New Jersey, introduced a machine, designed by his son, for making Christmas wreaths to supplant the hand-making method he had long used. In 1950 the father-son team made eight of them—and they worked. Now they are making the Hillman Wreather, which consists of a machine and specially designed wire rings that make it possible for even unskilled workers to turn out professionally made wreaths.

■ **For Propellers: Rubber.** Sponge rubber is the latest material for airplane propellers—at least they are filled with it. It is made of a soft, tough, extensible, and adaptable rubber and a phenol resin that is strong and hard. The two are foamed to eight times their mass by a chemical. The resultant is a light rigid mass that fills the void and will not shift. It is being used commercially.

■ **Oil Shale.** Oil shale is being produced and a marketable oil is being made from it in Australia. One hundred and forty gallons a ton are produced daily from 400 tons of shale, and twice that in capacity can be made, but the shale is not being mined. The resultant fuel is 70-octane rating with 1.75 milliters of tetraethyl lead.

■ **Talking Letters.** A "talking letter" consists of a tape recording of the voice of the sender. The manufacturers of the recording machines and the tape have made them available to U. S. men in the armed services and their friends and relatives free of charge so that messages can be sent either way.

■ **Cold-Weather Lubricant.** Moderately loaded gear and screw mechanisms can now be lubricated with a synthetic grease at temperatures as low as minus 100° Fahrenheit. The lubricant has a diester oil base, will be useful for high-altitude flying.

■ **Low Tin Flux.** Solders have been made of tin—as high as 50 percent—but the necessity of saving tin has meant a reduction in present-day solders. Now available is a special flux which will work on black iron, will not oxidize at the higher temperatures needed to work low-tin solder, and has several other advantages.

■ **Showers for Soldiers.** The problem of safety and comfort on the battle front is a serious one, especially that of water. Many diseases enter the system from bath water. United Nations troops in Korea are getting shower baths from a trailer that can be pulled by a jeep. It

is a stainless-steel boiler that heats water to boiling temperature in 20 minutes or less, is 7 feet long and less than 2 feet in diameter. Twenty seconds at boiling temperature will destroy any dangerous organisms. The hot water is then cooled automatically in a heat exchanger, then heats the incoming water. It serves 24 shower heads simultaneously.

■ **Stainless Steel Brushed On.** Stainless steel is used in places that require a surface that is noncorrosive, nonflammable, odorless, tasteless, rustproof, and other types of protection. But stainless steel uses scarce alloys. A defense-wise coating has now been made that does the trick and utilizes only scrap metals which would not be otherwise used. It is brushed or sprayed on the surface that is to be protected. A plastic helps do the trick.

■ **Check Protector.** To protect checks from being raised, a special pen and ink are available to perforate the check and apply the special ink with no more trouble than with a regular fountain pen.

■ **Disposable Oxygen Masks.** An inexpensive mask with a cover of porous paper and a rebreather bag of plastic costs no more than sterilizing the conventional mask—about 10 or 15 percent of the cost of rubber masks. The bag can be attached to the oxygen lines and used in pressurized cabins in the event of failure. If ordinary care is taken, the mask can be reused—by the same person, that is.

■ **Tim-ber-r-r!** The old cry of the forest might recently have been heard at the Minnequa Works of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Corporation in Pueblo, Colorado—only it would have been a blast furnace



Clean your car as you do your living room. This miniature vacuum cleaner attaches to the windshield-wiper hose and can be stored in glove compartment. It's complete with bag and hose.

coming down. Timbers with dynamite in them replaced some of the steel supporting columns and a steam locomotive pulled and the shell fell right where desired—between existing structures. A new shell was skidded into place on the old foundation and a crew began to build the new lining. The new furnace has a capacity of 700 tons a 24-hour day. The old one had a 500-ton-a-day capacity.

■ **Weed Killer.** A new weed killer that completely eradicates everything, leaving the bare soil, is not injurious to warm-blooded animals. Commercially it can be used on roadbeds; around power-station and industrial sites, storage tanks, and telephone poles; in lumber yards; etc. Noninflammable and noncorrosive, it is applied as a spray, using a wettable powder in water dispersion.

■ **Fix it.** A repair kit for patching small holes or tears in plastics such as shower curtains, tablecloths, aprons, etc., provides strips of plastic and a tube of repair cement.

■ **Safety after Sunset.** A reflector, covered with Scotch tape, is three inches in diameter and protects cyclists, pedestrians, stalled motorists, and the like. One rider, though he had a lamp on his bicycle, affixed one of these to his back! It worked, too.

■ **Home Intercommunication.** Using the lighting circuit as a carrier, an "intercommunication" telephone can be plugged in on the home electrical system and it's ready for use. It's useful room to room in the home, in barn and outbuilding hookups on a farm, or in a school or small business. A pair of phones comprises a set.

■ **Tiny Light.** A new portable fluorescent lamp which gives 500 foot-candles at 3-inch working distance can be used by tool and diemakers, jewelers, technicians, hobbyists, and the like. It is adjustable, can be carried in one hand, and is inexpensive to operate.

■ **No-Sag.** The problem of keeping gates from sagging and warping has always been an aggravating one. A manufacturer of a new gate now gives a lifetime guarantee against warping or sagging. Made of tempered aircraft aluminum members riveted together, the gate weighs half as much as a conventional gate, provides a sturdy barrier to livestock or farm animals. The rolled edges give strength and protection to animals. It comes in sizes from 4 to 16 feet long.

■ **Safe.** A new combination lock, furnished with a cable, can be used to lock a bicycle, baby carriage, farm equipment, outboard motor, etc., to trees or iron pipes, or it can be used without the cable as an ordinary lock. The plastic-covered cable is flexible and will not scratch.

* * *

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Speaking of BOOKS

*Good reading on Rotary, retirement,
and a great spread of subjects as broad as a shelf.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

PERHAPS we couldn't find a better time than this Rotary-anniversary month for taking a look at a book which takes a look at Rotary itself: *Towards My Neighbour*, by C. R. Hewitt. When the General Council of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland authorized the writing of a book about the Rotary movement in those countries, it decided to have the job done by a non-Rotarian. A scholar and historian of recognized authority was chosen, and he was given a free hand—all possible help, and no censorship. As a result, *Towards My Neighbour* tells its story objectively and impartially.

The story as told seems to me of very high value and interest to Rotarians in all parts of the world. While it is the record of the movement in Great Britain and Ireland which Mr. Hewitt is considering directly, of course its international aspects are part of his subject—and of course the basic problems are the same everywhere.

I like and admire the way Mr. Hewitt has done his job. He writes with the ease, the clearness, and the occasional dry and salty humor which are characteristic of scholarly writing in Great Britain at its best. One feels no possible doubt that he has found the facts; he has set them forth in orderly and readable fashion.

The social services and social influence of the movement are emphasized especially in Mr. Hewitt's book. He tells us that he depended on outside sources for evidence as to the extent and influence of Rotary activities of this kind, "obstinately taking nothing for granted that I learned from Rotary archives and literature—to which I was given absolute freedom of access. I have told the story as I thus learned it. It seems a very remarkable story to me." His conclusion as to the second part of Rotary's Object is that "it would be to the great benefit of any country . . . if the Rotarian conception of 'Vocational Service' could inform the daily lives of its entire people." As a final comment on the numberless, various, and greatly effective activities in the field of Community

Service—of Rotarians in Great Britain and Ireland—Mr. Hewitt notes that although the motto "Service above Self" has "often provoked the sneers of the cynical," "No sneers would be heard among the beneficiaries of all these schemes of well-doing."

One of Mr. Hewitt's most interesting chapters is that on "The Critics." The very fact of organization makes criticism inevitable, he says:

To the Olympian eye most gatherings of men are comic. To eavesdrop at a table where any four businessmen met regularly for lunch . . . would in most cases be a disenchantment to anyone expecting near-Johnsonian discourse. . . . The standard of conversation at Rotary lunches is not that of the Mermaid Tavern nor the pattern of behaviour that of the Court of St. James; but by getting formally together and giving themselves a name they have dared comparison, and they will get no more mercy than clergymen, lawyers . . . or flat-earthers.

Quoting Founder Paul Harris' statement in 1930 of Rotary's need for "a department of constructive criticism," Mr. Hewitt concludes: "Inside or outside the movement, well or ill informed, baleful or flippant, the critics will do it good if they keep before it the picture of its own difficult intentions."

Mr. Hewitt's own work is constructive in the highest sense. It is candid, substantial, discerning—a work which every thoughtful Rotarian will find at once informing and stimulating.

February is the right month, certainly, for giving our attention to *He Belongs to the Ages: The Statues of Abraham Lincoln*, by Donald Charles Durman. This large and handsome book is a valuable contribution to historical scholarship which is the fruit of a Rotarian's hobby. Some years ago Dr. Durman, a member of the Rotary Club of Saginaw, Michigan, became especially interested in the statues and other sculptural representations of Lincoln. He began to collect photographs of the

statues and information about them. Now the results of his investigations have been published—filling a real gap in Lincoln scholarship.

Dr. Durman has found more than 120 portrayals of Lincoln in sculpture; each of these is illustrated in his book. In each case Dr. Durman gives full information about the statue—its size, location, circumstances of its placing and unveiling, etc.—and about the sculptor. Much of this information is entirely new, the result of Dr. Durman's own research. He has done a thorough and thoughtful job, for which all Lincoln scholars will be indebted to him. I like especially the sympathetic sketches, biographical and personal, of the major sculptors of Lincoln, as Dr. Durman presents these men to us. He quotes freely from their own words, and succeeds in each case in giving an insight into the character and attitude of the sculptor which helps us to understand and appreciate his work. Although Dr. Durman's purpose is informational rather than critical, and he rarely expresses his own judgment, I am glad to note that he makes this comment on Lee Lawrie's *The Young Lincoln*, at the Nebraska State Capitol, Lincoln, Nebraska: "It is a magnificent figure, fitting to be ranked with Daniel Chester French's statue in

the Lincoln Memorial in Washington as the two great studies of Lincoln done in stone."



*Young Lincoln
...as sculptured
by Lee Lawrie.*

Since my birthday falls in February—and this next one will be very close to my 60th—perhaps this is a good month for saying something about books dealing with retirement and the problems and possibilities of ageing people: subjects on which there have been many books in the last two years.

Another book by a Rotarian leads off in this group, to my way of thinking: *How to Retire and Like It*, by

Raymond P. Kaighn, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. This book seems to me eminently sensible, and valuable to a whole lot of us who either are facing retirement or have reached the time when we know we should be making our plans for it. Mr. Kaighn's book has a fine human quality—the result, partly, of the direct and personal way in which it is written, partly of the very large number of specific examples which he uses to illustrate his comments and suggestions. This book seems to me to have a wide range of application—for men and wom-

Looking at MOVIES

BY JANE LOCKHART

KEY: Audience Suitability: **M**—**Men**, **A**—**Adults**, **Y**—**Younger**, **C**—**Children**, **★**—**Of More Than Passing Interest**.

Anne of the Indies (20th Century Fox). Louis Jourdan, Jean Peters. A lady pirate, no less, in a romantic, one-colored, technicolored, and largely synthetic. **M, Y**

* **The Browning Version** (British; dist. by UA). Jean Kent, Michael Redgrave. Heartwarming story of schoolmaster, about to retire, finding himself a failure, who learns in time the sort of person he really is. **M, Y**

Come Fill the Cup (Warners). James Cagney, James Gleason, Raymond Massey. Himself saved from gutter life by good education, one-alcoholic reporter reforms, sets about helping others in the same fix—a process that gets almost too melodramatic in end. **M**

Fixed Bayonets (20th Century Fox). Richard Basehart, Gene Evans. Bitter experiences of patrol left behind to cover retreat in frozen Korea. Grim, indicative of cruelty and tragedy of warfare even if lacking in dramatic unity. **M, Y**

Laughter in Paradise (British). Fay Compton, Alastair Sim. Practical joker has last laugh on assorted relatives after they have followed bizarre instructions to qualify as his heirs. Good fun. **M, Y**

The Man with a Cloak (MGM). Leslie Caron, Joseph Cotten. Fictional episode in life of Edgar Allan Poe, who, while living incognito, helps set to rights a situation in which his exiled name where evil interlopers are plotting to insinuate themselves as heirs. Rather ponderous, but interesting. **M, Y**

The Tanks Are Coming (Warner Bros.). Steve Cochran, Philip Coates. Strident tribute to tank corps, done with such bravado and mock heroics it seems more like a comic strip than serious combat film. **M, Y**

Ten Young to Kill (MGM). June Allyson, Van Johnson. Pianist poses as 12-year-old to impress concert manager, falls in love with him instead. Sometimes fun—if you can take the coyness. **M, Y**

Two Tickets to Broadway (RKO). Janet Leigh, Tony Martin. Small-town girl makes good on TV, wins a husband. Trite, but bright and cheerful in musical-comedy style. **M, Y**

The Unknown Man (MGM). Ann Harding, Walter Pidgeon. Civil lawyer takes criminal case, renders tremendous personal sacrifice to keep his loyalty to pure justice untarnished. On the heavy-handed side, but thought provoking. **M, Y**

The Wooden Horse (British). Leo Genn, Anthony Steel. "Escape" film based on true story of how British airmen fled German prison camp during World War II. Largely action fare. **M, Y, C**

en in widely varying circumstances and occupations. I believe you will like it.

Another book that I take pleasure in recommending is *The Better Half of Your Life*, by Charles H. Lerrigo, M.D. That title itself is better than "a shot in the arm" for us older folk: and of course it makes sense, when we stop to think of it. Dr. Lerrigo's book carries the subtitle "How to Live in Health and Happiness from 40 to 90." Dr. Lerrigo himself is nearing 90, and is still active in his profession: in other words, he speaks from experience. He speaks, too, in a simple, practical fashion, friendly and easy to understand. In fact, reading his book is very much like sitting down for a long talk with a physician of one's own age or a little older: and most of the questions one would be likely to ask are answered in its pages.

Growing in the Older Years, edited by Wilma Donahue and Clark Tibbits, is written from the point of view of those who are professionally interested in the general problems of ageing people. It is the third in a series of volumes which present the findings of the Annual Conference on Ageing, held at the University of Michigan. As the title suggests, the present volume stresses the very real possibilities for self-development along chosen lines, and for the satisfactions that come from personal growth and achievement, in the later years.

A handful of pleasant books about the West: "specials" for all Americana fans, and enjoyers of good reading generally. *The Cowboy and His Horse*, by Sidney E. Fletcher, was designed primarily for teen-agers, but interested me very definitely (and I'm a long way past my teens, as indicated above). It contains many spirited illustrations, and tells a little about every aspect of the cowboy's life: range riding, trail drives, equipment of all kinds, songs and square dances, and ranch life today. I learned from it for the first time the origin of the terms "cowpuncher" and "cowpoke." Originally they were the cowboys who rode in the caboose of a cattle train, and had the duty of getting the animals to their feet at every stop, using poles which they "punched" and "poked" through the sides of the cars.

Texas Sheepman, The Reminiscences of Robert Maudsley, edited by Winifred Kupper, is a truly valuable addition to Western Americana. Robert Maudsley's story of his life is really well told, with much quiet humor and an engaging candor. Lively incidents and exceptionally happy choice of details combine to give a well-lighted and worth-while picture of Texas life two generations ago. I recommend this book warmly.

In *Tombstone's Epitaph*, Douglas D. Martin, head of the department of journalism at the University of Arizona,

uses the files of Tombstone's famous newspaper, the *Epitaph*, to excellent effect. Not only does he provide the first really clear account of the famous gun fight that climaxed Tombstone's history, but he achieves also a wonderfully full and deeply absorbing revelation of the day-by-day and year-by-year life of the town.

As usual, I find some of the best reading of recent weeks in biographies and autobiographies. *The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: Years of Adventure, 1874-1920*, covers the ex-President's boyhood in Iowa and Oregon, his college days, and his early professional life, and reaches its climax in an inspiring account of Hoover's experiences in "pioneering the first food administration"—in Belgium and France, during World War I. Peculiarly interesting to me was what Mr. Hoover tells of his experiences with volunteer workers, especially women. He says of these volunteer workers: "The women developed a zeal that sprang from the spiritual realization that they were saving their race." This first volume is a worthy introduction for what will certainly be one of the most important and valuable autobiographical works of our times. It is marked by clear, unpretentious, and genuinely able and effective writing—and, naturally, by complete candor.

Mr. Anonymous, by H. C. Cornuelle, is the story of a great philanthropist who, far from courting publicity, made every effort to prevent his benefactions from becoming matters of public knowledge: William Volker, of Kansas City, Missouri. It is a story that I find deeply interesting and truly inspiring. It is told with appropriate simplicity and insight in this book.

Laurens van der Post, an English farmer and writer who was born in South Africa and has spent much of his life in that continent, has written in *Venture to the Interior* a firsthand factual narrative of exciting experiences in little-explored portions of Africa which is a work of moral and spiritual significance as well. Beautifully written, deeply thought and felt, this narrative holds a great deal for the sympathetic reader.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:
Towards My Neighbour, C. R. Hewitt (Longmans, Green, \$2).—*He Belongs to the Ages*, Donald Charles Durman (Edwards Bros., Ann Arbor Mich., \$6).—*How to Retire and Like It*, Raymond P. Kalagni (Associated Publishers, \$2.50).—*The Better Half of Your Life*, Charles H. Lerrigo (John Day, \$3.50).—*Growing in the Older Years*, edited by Wilma Donahue and Clark Tibbits (University of Michigan Press, \$2.50).—*The Cowboy and His Horse*, Sidney E. Fletcher (Grosset & Dunlap, \$2.95).—*Texas Sheepman: The Reminiscences of Robert Maudsley*, edited by Winifred Kupper (University of Texas Press, \$3).—*Tombstone's Epitaph*, Douglas D. Martin (University of New Mexico Press, \$4.50).—*The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover*, Vol. I (Macmillan, \$5).—*Mr. Anonymous*, H. C. Cornuelle (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, \$4).—*Venture to the Interior*, Laurens van der Post (Morrow, \$3).

BY THE WAY

ITEMS OF HUMAN INTEREST
ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS
NOTED IN THE ROTARY FIELD

FEBRUARY FOOTNOTE. This is Rotary's birthday month—and no man alive is better qualified to recall how Rotary got started in Chicago 'way back in 1905 than HARRY L. RUGGLES. He was there.

HARRY does well in his reminiscences (page 29) to remind us that even "business exchange" in those early days was a means to an end—the end being acquaintanceship among noncompetitors which, because of periodic meetings, would quickly ripen into fellowship.

FOUNDER PAUL P. HARRIS hears this out. After telling of his need for friends, he says in *My Road to Rotary*: "The thought persisted that I was experiencing only what had happened to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others in the great city. . . . I was sure there must be many other young men who had come from farms and small villages to establish themselves in Chicago. In fact, I knew a few. Why not bring them together? If the others were longing for fellowship as I was, something would come of it."

Something, indeed! Fewer than 50 years later Rotary can boast (if it wants to) of being a world-wide organization with some 7,400 units having 350,000 members.

EVERY CITY MAN has his own tale about how daily routines wear grooves and grooves become arroyos in which people lose their souls.

One morning not so long ago I plumped myself in a seat of the 7:09, buried my nose in the newspaper, and came to only when the train stopped at the downtown station. Just as I was about to get up, I happened to catch the eye of the man who had sat beside me all the way. We were dumfounded. He was a neighbor and close friend.

Rotary isn't a cure-all for city strangeness. But it helps. It sprinkles strange streets with faces you know. It reminds you that city impersonality is but a self-protective crust for people very much like yourself.

HANDS ACROSS CHANNEL. Treaties are made by diplomats in striped pants, but peace is made by people who in sorrow learn to have malice toward none.

Item: A young Royal Air Force officer was killed over Germany in 1944. After long months word came to his father in England that the hastily made grave had been found and the body reinterred in a cemetery. All this the father mentioned to SENATOR

DR. CASSENS, of Emden (Germany), who crossed the Channel to be a guest at the Rotary District 14 Conference. Recently SENATOR CASSENS sent photos of the grave to the parent, told him how he had decorated it with a few branches of blooming broom, then added:

"When will people, above all their politicians, understand the silent warning of all the numberless crosses which were erected through the last war? We who were four years in Russia know what war, want, and death mean and can only hope that men will finally come to reason and peace."

"Hoping that I have done you a small service of love, with heartiest greetings. . . ."

MORE 'MISSED MEN.' To last month's list of varied ways Club publications report on absent members, add these:

AWOL—*Rotary Ramble* of Waverly (N. Y., USA).

OFF THE RANGE—*El Rodeo* of Los Angeles (Calif., USA).

THOSE WHO HURT OUR ATTENDANCE—Unless They Have Made Up—*Bulletin* of Catskill (N. Y., USA).

THOSE HELPED THEMSELVES and Our Club by "Make-ups"—*Cog of Poughkeepsie* (N. Y., USA).

APOLOGIES RECEIVED FROM—*Bulletin* of Canberra (Australia).

In Canberra, Australia's capital city, they apparently go further than "excuses." An absentee apologizes by offering what you might call his *rotaregrets*.

OLD CUSTOM DEPT. NO. 5. What does your Club do to memorialize the passing of a Rotarian? . . . At Old No. 1, which is Chicago (Ill., U.S.A.), the lights are dimmed and, after a moment of silence, the pianist plays *The Vacant Chair*. . . . In Ironwood (Mich., USA) the departed's favorite song is sung—and never again is it to be used in that Club!



TOP IT? There are six Zaragoza brothers, all living in Mexico, all in the wholesale grocery business, all Rotarians. They are GASPAR and FLORENCE in Guaymas, PEDRO in Ciudad Obregon, JOSE and AGUSTIN in Navojoa, and ALFONSO in Culiacan.

BOQUETTERY. It's good to see spreading a custom started in Monongahela (Pa., USA)—as far as we know. It's an



Life is lubricated by little incidents. Here's one reported by ROBERT E. HALL, banker and Past President of the Rotary Club of Tiffin (Ohio, USA):

WHEN we moved into our present home, we found our lawn connected to the more spacious one of our neighbors, two elderly women, by a wide path of green running 30 feet through a weed patch. Each week, we noticed, it was mowed by their caretaker. When we inquired, they answered they liked to have it that way because "it seemed more neighborly."

Years have passed. Now they have no caretaker—but that path of green is still there!

If you've ever been given a friendly lift when your automobile went awry, you'll appreciate this experience of TOM JENKINS, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Laceyville (Pa., USA):

ONCE my car broke down on a lonely country road and things looked dark for me till a stranger came along and towed me eight miles to a garage. I offered to pay.

"Not a cent!" he said. "But now I'll ask you a favor. When you find someone stuck as you were, give the fellow a lift. That will repay me."

I'm glad to say that I've paid on my debt to that man several times—and now have others doing the same for me.

Since long, long before Rotary started, men of goodwill have been practicing the Rotary ideal of service. What's your favorite example? Send it in and if it's published here, a \$5 check will be sent you for your favorite activity of your Rotary Club.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH



Lincoln

IF I tried to read, much less answer, all criticisms made of me and all the attacks launched against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can. If the end brings me out all wrong, then ten angels swearing I had been right would make no difference. If the end brings me out all right, then what is said against me now will not amount to anything.

—Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865)
American Statesman

nouncing by a card as formal as a wedding invitation that So-and-So is being honored for a long-term perfect Rotary attendance . . .

Latest adoption of the custom is Johnstown (Pa., USA) . . . where RALPH W. BOLSINGER has rounded out 27 years sans a missed meeting, and received this card treatment.

In Daytona Beach (Fla., USA), Le Grande's Prescription Shop recently took paid display space in the *News-Journal* for "A Tribute to Our Rotarians." It told simply what Rotarians had done for the community and then declared, "With all sincerity we applaud their goals and their achievements."

DAILY LIFTER. Once upon a time and long ago professor did his best to interest a roomful of young campus savages in philosophy. But interest didn't exceed necessity for a passing grade. Then going home for Christmas vacation I met on the train an elderly man with a constant twinkle in his eyes. He was easy to talk to.

"Let me tell you my philosophy," he said, cutting short my brash scoffing about waste of time on impractical courses. "It's simple and just this: Every morning I start the day by looking for it. What's it? Anything that gives the day a sparkle—maybe a friendly 'Hey, there!' or an incident worth a chuckle or a robin tugging at a fat angleworm or a snatch of music. 'That,' I say to myself, 'is it,' and it sets the keynote for that day. I call it my 'daily lift.' Nothing profound about it, of course, but," he added with a chuckle, "I've never had a duodenal ulcer!"

A few days later I was back in the lecture room. "Why do we study the ideas and the systems of ideas of ancient men?" the philosophy "prof" was saying. "The best answer I can give is again

to quote Plutarch: 'Philosophy is the art of living.' That time I understood him better.

'AS USUAL.' When HART I. SEELY, Waverly (N. Y., USA) newspaperman, was killed recently in an automobile accident, the *Waverly Rotary Rumble* carried this simple note:

"Even though our Secretary has met with a very tragic death, PRESIDENT ELMER says we will hold our Rotary meeting as usual. He feels that is the way SECRETARY HART would want it."

Every Rotarian who knew HART—and there are thousands—would agree. HART believed Rotary is bigger than individuals and, to use a phrase from his vocation, "the presses must roll." As far as I know, he's the only Past Vice-President of Rotary International (1925-26) who in later years served his Club as Secretary.

FILIAL FUN. When ART STAINBACK introduced his father as a visitor to fellow Rotarians in Rocky Mount (N. C., USA), he puckishly announced, "Fellows, my guest tonight is the gentleman who passed out cigars when I was born."

TOP IT? Recently the Rotary Club of Carthage (N. Y., USA) took in four new members—a fact which merits attention here for these two reasons.

Vocations: insurance man, undertaker, florist, clergymen.

Weight: respectively, 250, 235, 275, and 200 pounds—adding up to almost 10 cwt. avordupois. (Each man is more than 6 feet tall.)

Is there in the wide, wide world a Rotary Club with a new-member class anything like it?



TRIBUTE. When a beloved member of the Rotary Club of Toledo (Ohio, USA) died recently, NEWSPAPERMAN GROVE PATTERSON spoke these words that merit a place in your scrapbook:

"I am standing on the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until, at length, she is only a ribbon of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then, someone at my side says, 'There, she's gone.'

"Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her, and just at the moment when someone says, 'There, she's gone,' there are other voices to take up the glad shout. 'There, she comes!'

"And that is dying."

Grove followed this with a rare personal tribute, closing with these lines by NANCY TURNER:

*Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall.
On gentle hinges it gives at dusk
When the thrushes call.
Along the lintel are green leaves;
Beyond, the light lies still.
Very willing and weary feet go over that sill.
There is nothing to trouble my heart,
Nothing to fear at all.
Death is only a quiet door in an old wall.*

TOLEADER. Incidentally, a handsome flowers-to-the-living tribute was paid by Toledo citizens to GROVE PATTERSON himself on his recent 70th birthday. A new school was officially named the Grove Patterson School—at the suggestion of fellow ROTARIAN EDWARD C. AMES, a member of the board of education.

WAYWARD NOTES. An Episcopalian rector in San Leandro (Calif., USA) is "Father Hank" to fellow Rotarians and parishioners alike. His last name is the fittingest one I know for a clergyman. It's *Praed*.

For years and years Rotary, Kwanis, et al., have been trying to get you and me to call them service clubs, as contradistinguished from luncheon clubs, lodges, and such. Now comes the Associated Press reporting on six organizations—ranging from Veterans of Foreign Wars to the Elks and Eagles lodges—seeking to change an Arizona law denying them the privilege of slot machines. That's their right, of course. But why does the AP refer to them as "service organizations"?

Move over, you realtors, morticians, beauticians, tonsorial specialists, and other fancy-language users. Publicity men now call their business "the science of engineering consent." . . . Why not buy another Rotary pin for that other suit? . . . and remember (a) to remove before your wife calls the cleaner and (b) to put it back in the lapel when the clothes come home.

Unwritten golden rotarule: *When you're given a Club assignment, do it!* . . . Notice the write-up about *The Reader's Digest in Time*? What made me think most is that studies of *Digest* non-USA editions show people from Helsinki to Halifax, Toulouse to Tokyo, are interested in the same articles that catch and hold the eye of readers in America. . . . Twould be a good starting point for a Rotary talk.

"A fanatic," says B. R. NEWTON, of Quincy (Ill., USA), "is a man who can't change his mind and won't change the subject." . . . Didn't someone once define an argument as "two people trying to get in the last word?"

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

\$1,000 Help Blind In the post office in CORAL GABLES, FLA., is a candy and newsstand operated by a blind man. It was installed there under the sponsorship of the Rotary Club of MIAMI, FLA., to provide a means of support for the sightless operator. The second post-office vending stand sponsored by MIAMI Rotarians, it is estimated that it will earn for its operator between \$40 and \$50 a week. It is supervised by the Florida Council for the Blind, and its installation cost of \$1,000 was met by the MIAMI Club.

Swedish Camp Abets Goodwill On the shores of Lake Stora Rengen at VARDNÄS, SWEDEN, the Rotary Clubs of the Swedish Province of Östergötland (District 85) held their fifth annual International Students' Camp last Summer, and to it came 17 youthful participants from nine nations. There were two each from England, Denmark, The Netherlands, Germany, Sweden, and the United States; three from Norway; one each from Iceland and Finland. During the outing, the students talked about their homelands and their people, and held discussions about human rights, world food supplies, and other matters of global importance. They enjoyed each other's fellowship on a motorboat cruise, on bicycle jaunts through the surrounding countryside, in games on the athletic field. Rotarians from the Swedish Clubs of KISA, MJÖLBY, MOTALA, and LINÉKÖPING visited the camp, and two Rotarians addressed the students. In their own report on the outing, the students wrote: "We have tried to learn tolerance and respect for other points of view, and at the same time have learned to express our own more clearly."

Footnoting Aid to Emden As reported in THE ROTARIAN for December, 1950, the British Rotary Clubs of District 14 "adopted"

the city of EMDEN, GERMANY, a few years after World War II, and sent to its residents more than 12 tons of clothing and footwear. One Club that contributed to the collection was NEW MALDEN, ENGLAND. Recently the NEW MALDEN Club added a new note to its relationship with EMDEN by sending recorded greetings to the residents of that German port city. The recording was presented to the Mayor of EMDEN, and expressed the hope that the city's rebuilding program was moving toward completion.

Spotlight on Crippled Children In different ways in different parts of the globe help is given to crippled children by local Rotary Clubs. In Israel the TEL AVIV-JAFFA Rotary Club decided to lend its support to the completion of a hospital under construction. To raise funds for the purpose, the Club sponsored a dinner and dance that produced £1,400 (Israeli) for the crippled-children society erecting the hospital. . . . During a recent month the Rotary Club of JACKSON, Mich., measured its crippled-children work by tallying some figures that turned out to be quite impressive: number of visits to homes and hospitals, 138; number of children taken to clinics, 33; braces provided, 13; shoes provided, 17; active cases, 174; total miles travelled in the interest of crippled children, 2,073.

A Visitor Says Thanks to Roxbury This story about the Rotary Club of ROXBURY, N. Y., goes back four years ago this month to the Club's clothing-collection drive for the needy in The Netherlands. When the campaign was over, 14 barrels of clothing were sent to the Rotary Clubs of NIMWEGEN and MAASTRICHT, THE NETHERLANDS, for distribution. The clothes were sent and letters of gratitude received. But that doesn't end the story. It moves ahead to a recent month when a MAASTRICHT Rotarian [Continued on page 43]

This reproduction of a painting of Paul P. Harris, Rotary's Founder, hangs in one of two hospital rooms furnished by the Johnson City, Tenn., Rotary Club at a cost of \$11,000. With hospital officials at the dedication ceremonies are Ronald S. Wilson, (third, right), District Governor, and R. F. Harkins (second, right), Club President.



FEBRUARY, 1952



Photo: NEA Service, Inc.

A "queen" and her image! She's Natalie Kleindienst, of Lexington, Mo., who reigned at the Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City, Kans. The queen contest was sponsored by Lexington Rotarians and attracted 35 entrants.



A holiday dinner of ringneck pheasant is relished by a hospital patient in Madison, So. Dak. Rotarian hunters donated the birds to the hospital for all patients. Shown are A.G. Memmer (left), Club President, and other members.

Photo: Burton



Machias, Me., Rotarians are "dead-shots," too! For bagging the first deer of the season Rotarian John Parker (left) receives a razor from N.K. Smith, Club President, at a "hunter's breakfast" for 300 nimrods of four states.

Photo: Burton



In the Sister Kenny Home in El Monte, Calif., the famed Australian polio therapist, Sister Kenny, thanks Arthur M. Speer (second, left), Rotary Club President, and two other members for the sewing room they constructed at the institution erected for her work.



Hard at work installing fluorescent light fixtures in a near-by school are Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Rotarians. Working after Club meetings, they spent hundreds of man-hours of labor installing the fixtures in 18 classrooms, the school cafeteria, and other areas.

Photo: Gilmore



Photo: Combs



In the hands of this smartly attired drum major of a Pulaski, Tenn., high-school band is a trophy given by the Rotary Club of Tullahoma, Tenn., at the Middle Tennessee Band Festival. The event was participated in by 17 bands. The pretty drum majorette is also a member of the Pulaski band.

Youth work combines with International Service! These young people, members of a drama group from Dortmund, Germany, visited Goole, England, and were entertained at a meeting of the Goole Rotary Club. The guests reciprocated by dancing and singing for their British hosts.



Recall the great Seventh World Scout Jamboree held in Bad Ischl, Austria? Here aboard ship en route to it are Boy Scout troops that were sponsored by U. S. Rotary Clubs. The gathering drew 17,000 Scouts and leaders from 47 lands.

For her Robinson Crusoe costume, little Sharon Johnson wins first prize in the University District of Seattle, Wash., Rotary Club's kiddies parade. David E. Lockwood, Club President, makes the award: a \$200 college scholarship.



As the Twig Is Bent . . .

The photos on this page have one thing in common: each shows a phase of youth work as promoted by five Rotary Clubs. To what is shown here may be added sports programs, pig chains for farm youth, citizenship promotion, aid to the handicapped, scholarship funds, vocational counselling, fishing contests, and a frequent pat on the back that says, "Good work. Keep it up!" All these activities—and many more—constitute a part of Rotary's program known as Service to Youth. Some Clubs plan one-time projects, others perform long-term undertakings. But whatever is done is aimed at making boys and girls in lands around the world healthier, happier, and better able to cope with the problems that will be theirs tomorrow.

[Continued from page 41] visited the ROXBURY Club while in the United States, and conveyed the thanks of the people of his city for the clothing that had been received. He also presented a plaque to the New York Club as a gift from the city of MAASTRICHT. Another sidelight on the story is this: The towns of NIMWEGEN and MAASTRICHT were chosen to receive the clothing because ROXBURY Rotarians were among the U. S. forces that helped to liberate the two towns in World War II.

25th Year for 20 More Clubs February marks the 25th year for 20 more Rotary Clubs. Congratulations to them! They are: Culpepper, Va.; Gurdon, Ark.; Littlefield, Tex.; Plattsburgh, N.Y.; Azusa, Calif.; Earle, Ark.; Salem, Ill.; Melbourne, Fla.; Barranquilla, Colombia; Hendon, England; Crescent City, Fla.; Neuchâtel, Switzerland; Stoke-on-Trent, England; Islington, London, England; Wood Green, London, England; Pampa, Tex.; Cozad, Nebr.; Freeland, Pa.; Hastings, Fla.; Cordoba, Argentina.

When the Rotary Club of CANTON, Miss., celebrated its 30th anniversary recently, the program was turned over to one of its charter members who sketched the Club's founding and growth.

To mark its 30th year, the Rotary Club of NEW BEDFORD, Mass., combined its birthday celebration with a reception

for the Governor of District 290, Herschel Heinz, a member of the New Bedford Club. The only still active charter member was presented a solid-gold membership card.

Dandenong Notes In this month of ROTARY'S 47th anniversary, the name of Paul P. Harris, the Founder of Rotary, will be heard in many a Club meeting around the world. In DANDEONG, AUSTRALIA, Paul Harris' memory holds a special niche, inasmuch as he was present as the guest of honor at the inaugural meeting of that Club on March 29, 1935. On the wall of the Club's meeting place, next to its charter, hangs a picture of Paul above a statement that records his presence on that occasion. The Club has sent a copy of the photographic record to Paul's wife, Jean. Also in attendance at the Club's charter meeting was ROTARY'S Past International President Angus S. Mitchell, of Melbourne, Australia, then District Governor.

'G. L.'s' Make Veterans returned to U.S. shores and soldiers training for overseas duty need welcoming and entertaining, and much of both is being done by ROTARY CLUBS in many communities. In HIBBING, MINN., for example, the ROTARY CLUB organizes "welcome home" activities for servicemen either home on furlough or discharged



Photo: Koch

Is there a visit to Portsmouth, N.H., in your travel plans? If so, and you visit the ROTARY CLUB, it's likely that you will be taken on a 20-minute tour of historic sights in Portsmouth and Kittery, Me. It's a sightseeing treat provided by the ROTARY CLUB. Here Morris Berry (second, right), Club President, shows visitors a noted house.

from the service. . . . To help brighten the leisure hours of soldiers stationed at nearby Scott Field, the ROTARY CLUB of FREEBURG, ILL., recently sponsored a fish fry for the uniformed men who have their living quarters in the town.

To the Naval Hospital in PHILADELPHIA, PA., went CHESTER, PA., ROTARIANS and their ladies to entertain wounded veterans of the Korean War. They served up fun and refreshments for more than



Meet Your DIRECTORS

INTRODUCING TWO OF THE 14 MEN OF THE 'RI BOARD.'

AT 18, DIRECTOR CHARLES R. COOLEY, of Grants Pass, Oreg., established his own lumber company in Yreka, Calif. He remained in the retail lumber business, is today president and principal owner of the Three C's Lumber Company in Grants Pass, director of Southern Oregon Plywoods, and a partner in the Southern Oregon Yard Supply Company. Besides lumber interests he is co-owner of the Lithia Hotel in Ashland, Oreg., and is a director of the Oregon Caves Resort.

Though his business interests are many and varied, he also shoulders trade-association and community responsibilities. He is regional vice-president of the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association.

FROM Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic comes Director ARTURO DAMIRÓN RICART. Born in that capital city, he was graduated from the Medical School of the University of Santo Domingo and attended the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital. He is chief surgeon and administrator of the International Hospital in Ciudad Trujillo and is professor of surgical pathology on the faculty of his alma mater. When the Sixth Dominican Medical Congress convened in 1950, DIRECTOR DAMIRÓN served as its president. He has also been president of the Dominican Anti-Cancer League.

In his acceptance of civic responsibilities, he has not limited his activities to the medical and surgical field. He served a term as vice-president of the municipal government of Ciudad Trujillo, and has also been president of one of the city's social centers for youth.

Since 1943 he has been a member of the ROTARY CLUB of Ciudad Trujillo and is a Past President of that Club. In 1949-50 he served as a District Governor of ROTARY INTERNATIONAL. In addition to his membership on the Board, he is also a member of the ROTARY FOUNDATION FELLOWSHIPS COMMITTEE and of the NOMINATING COMMITTEE for President of ROTARY INTERNATIONAL in 1952-53.



Cooley



Damirón



Photo: Ferruzzi

To the Central Office in Chicago continue to come photos of Rotary visits made by President Frank E. Spain on his European trip. Here in Venice, Italy, Mrs. Spain receives a book of scenes in the Grassi Palace. At the right is Adriano Foscari, Venice Club President.



Photo: Martin Jones

Encircled by her schoolmates, little Jan Rubenstein sits in the wheel chair donated to Los Altos, Calif., schools by the local Rotary Club. Geo. B. English (second, left), Club President, and other Rotarians share Jan's happiness.



As a part of their Vocational Service program, Rotarians of Ravenna, Ohio, visit a local industrial concern and see a giant turret machined for a crane. It was one of several industrial tours.



Isn't this Palomino a beauty? He won first place in the Palomino class of the Silverton, Oreg., Rotary Club's fifth annual horse show that attracted some 500 horsemen and 2,350 spectators (see item). At the right is Club President Herman Goschie, his wife, and daughter at a dinner for all horsemen who participated in the show.



Photo: Aruba Echo News



Photo: Kitchener-Waterloo Record

Still in its wrapping is this artificial leg purchased by the Rotary Club of Aruba, Netherlands West Indies, for a young man in that Caribbean community. Rotarian C. J. Neme (left) presents it to Dr. A. Schlachter, who will fit the limb for the young man.

That oversized check is for \$15,000 and is part of a \$35,000 contribution by Kitchener-Waterloo, Ont., Canada, Rotarians to equip a hospital floor for crippled children. S. J. Hawkins (left), Club President, presents it to Rotarian C. N. Weber, hospital commission head.



Draped with Rotary information is this bulletin board used by the Muncy, Pa., Rotary Club to display such Rotary publications as *From Here On!* and *Brief Facts about Rotary*. Rotarian W. Hoffman (left) shows the board to W. C. Dice, Governor of District 263.



To help beginners learn to swim, the Albany, Calif., Rotary Club gave ten paddle boards to the local high school. Here Elmer F. Coble (left), 1950-51 Club President, hands one of them to Rotarian B. Griffin, a faculty member.

500 patients and gave away prizes and birthday presents to the "vets." It was the second show that CHESTER had put on for the boys, and their plans call for two more such occasions at the Naval Hospital. . . . On page 20 of this issue is the story of a Tennessee Club's show for hospitalized veterans.

Silverton Holds to Its Horses

For a show with audience appeal, beauty of performance, and true Western flavor, the Rotary Club of SILVERTON, OREG., knows that a horse show is "tops." It has held five such shows since 1947, and each has been successful. The total proceeds have been in excess of \$7,000, most of which has been used to maintain a local school athletic field. The 1951 show was seen by 2,350 people and produced more than \$1,750. It featured some 500 horsemen and about 15 riding events, including a Palomino-judging contest (see cut), a relay race, stock horse judging, and other competitive events. Mounted drill teams also perform, and "square dancing" is done by riders astride horses that bow low and swing from left to right. Before the show the SILVERTON Club provides a dinner served in "chuck wagon" style for participating horsemen from throughout Oregon's Willamette Valley and across the Columbia River in southern Washington.

Brownfield Marks Bountiful Crop With a 23-block-long parade, 16 bands, dancing, prize awards, and the crowning of a lovely "queen," the fifth annual Harvest Festival sponsored by the local Rotary Club came to BROWNFIELD, TEX. It was a gala all-day affair that exceeded the previous celebrations in both size and lavishness. The third annual festival, reported in the January, 1950, issue of THE ROTARIAN, attracted some 10,000 spectators. The 1951 production drew an estimated 25,000 to view its concerts, fiddlers' contest, square dancing, and other events. The crowning of the Festival queen alone brought 6,000 celebrants to a local stadium. As in the past, the Festival was held as an expression of thanks for a bountiful harvest reaped by Brownfield farmers and livestock men. All proceeds from the celebrations are used by the Rotary Club for purposes of civic betterment.

Add 14 Clubs to the Roster

Rotary has entered 14 more communities in many parts of the world. They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Cafueblas (Roque Perez), Argentina; Osnabrück (Bielefeld), Germany; Fagersta (Ludvika), Sweden; Göttingen (Hanover), Germany; Strömstad (Östersund), Sweden; Takaoka (Tokyo-Toyama), Japan; Konstanz (Friedrichshafen-Lindau), Germany; Encino (Tarzana), Calif.; Naples (Fort Meyers), Fla.; West End (Beaumont), Tex.; Chapleau, Ont. (Sudbury), Canada; Port Credit, Ont. (Brampton), Canada; Puxico (Dexter), Mo.; Arbutus (Catonsville), Md.

Personalia

'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

Big Chest. Rotarians in Niagara Falls, N. Y., believe they have established a record for Community Chest campaigns. When ROTARIAN ROSS HARE was recently elected president of the Chest organization, his fellows counted back through 28 past years and found that their roster carried the names of 21 general campaign managers and 18 Chest presidents—and not one year had gone by without one of the posts manned by a Rotarian!

Full Cup. There's a cup brimming with fine attendance records in Randwick, Australia. It is the ATHOL JOHNSTON Club Attendance Cup given by ROTARIAN JOHNSTON when he was President of the Rotary Club of North Sydney in 1934-35. Its purpose, inspired by the visit of FOUNDER PAUL P. HARRIS that year, was to spur attendance in what is now District 29. Randwick Rotarians, winners of the cup for the past three years, have hopes of marking a new milestone in the cup's 18-year history by winning it for the fourth consecutive time.

Rotarians Honored. ROBERT E. LEE HILL, of Columbia, Mo., Past President of Rotary International, was recently given the Award of Merit by the American Cancer Society. . . . VERN RIDOUT, of Lincoln Park, Mich., has been elected president of the Michigan Consumer Finance Association. . . . The Provincial Government of Alberta, Canada, has named J. W. HOSFORD, of Edmonton, as "Master Farmer" in Central East Alberta. . . . EDWIN K. FORD, of Halifax, N. S., Canada, Past District Governor of Rotary International, has arrived in Baghdad, Iraq, on a one-year mission as advisor to the Iraqi Ministry of Education. . . . The Award for Distinguished Community Service was lately presented by the American Druggist Magazine to MILTON JACOBY, of Wyoming, Pa. . . . PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR HARVEY B. LYON, who has 29 years of perfect attendance in the Rotary Club of Oakland, Calif., is completing his year as president of the National Furniture Warehousemen's Association. . . . HERSCHEL HEINZ, of New Bedford, Mass., has been saluted by his community's newspaper, the Standard-Times, for

his work as Governor of Rotary's District 290. . . . CHARLES F. PHILLIPS, of Lewiston-Auburn, Me., has been elected a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

No Moss. "Is this a record?" ask Rotarians in West Carrollton, Ohio: During the 1950-51 Rotary year, their "roving ambassador" JAMES W. EBY attended 24 meetings at home—and 215 "make-ups" in other Clubs. Subtracting Saturdays and Sundays, which are nonmeeting days in most Rotary communities, only 22 days were left. "Was he on a diet or those 22 days?" wonder his fellow Rotarians.

World Welfare. When 648 persons from 29 nations met in Stockholm, Sweden, recently for the Fifth World Congress of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples, two Rotarians received special distinction. DR. JOSÉ I. TARAFIA, of Havana, Cuba, was elected vice-president, and COLONEL E. W. PALMER, of Kingsport, Tenn., a Past Director of Rotary International, was elected treasurer.

Rotarian Author. From the pen of FRANCIS B. WILLMOTT, of Birmingham, England, has come a new book on industrial production and personnel policies, *The Human Touch in Industry* (Saint Catherine Press, Ltd., 39 Parker St., London, 16s. 6d.)

Photo: Sklarin

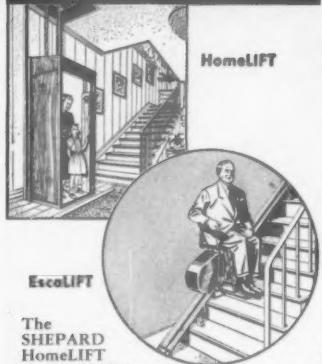


Rotarian E. A. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, of Vero Beach, Fla., have celebrated their 50th wedded year.



They'd been wed 50 years and he'd just turned 80—an event his Club helped him celebrate—so, anyway, C. C. Webster, of La Veta, Colo., chuck's the chin of his "bride."

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These Things Endure

By VERNON WANTY

"**A**'VE CUM t'pay t'club," was the almost inevitable greeting accorded anyone who answered our door between the hours of 12:30 and 6:45 on Saturdays when I was a boy in Yorkshire, England. Twelve-thirty was the time Father arrived home from work, and at 6:45 he left for our church, where he sat for two hours each Saturday night to receive contributions for the Wesley Hall Sick and Dividing Club, of which he was secretary.

The name aptly describes it. It was a club for men only, who for a payment of sevenpence (then about 12 cents, now about 8 cents) a week were entitled in case of sickness to have delivered at their home by a "sick visitor" 10 shillings (then about \$2, now about \$1.42) for 13 weeks, and if their illness was further prolonged, 5 shillings a week for another 13 weeks. The "sick visitor," in addition to delivering the money, also ensured that the member was really sick. If a member's wife died, he received £10 (then about \$40, now about \$28.50), and if he died, this sum was paid to his dependents. Each year end, provided there hadn't been too many deaths or too much sickness, what was left in the fund was divided among the members.

Taking care of this club has been my father's hobby for the past 40 years. Certainly he doesn't do it for the remuneration involved, as for each member he receives one penny a year. The "sick visitors," of whom there has been a long succession during my father's term of office, are paid 2 pennies a member a year, but out of this they have to pay travelling expenses.

This club was started toward the end of the 19th Century by a few members of our church, and now has a membership of more than 400. At that time there ever loomed before the British working-class family the twin enemies of sickness and death, and the formation of sick and dividing clubs was a cooperative effort to lay away a little for the time when one of these enemies struck. Similar clubs were started in connection with churches, unions, and even "pubs." Although membership was small at first and some of them survived only a short time, many still carry on. A few, such as the Rechabites, the National Deposit, and the Hearts of Oak, blossomed into gigantic organizations with memberships as high as 2 and 3 million. When the National Health Bill came into force in 1948, their bigness was

their undoing, and their health-insurance departments were absorbed into the national plan.

The smaller clubs, such as the one I have described, have become a part of the life of many working-class families, so that, as happens in my father's club, immediately a member's son approaches the age of 16, one of the parents will come up with the statement, "A've cum t'see about ar 'arry joinin' t'club, Mester Wanty."

The official club hours were Saturday 7 to 9 P.M., but I think more members came to our house during the week than went to the church at the proper time. As a boy, I was very annoyed at having constantly to answer the door, particularly at meal times. It was impossible to have so many visitors without there being a sprinkling of unusual characters. One woman regularly brought her husband's contribution each Friday night. She suffered bad attacks of asthma; and when I answered the door, she would pant between wheezes, "Is yer dad in, luv? A've brought Mester's club. This 'll ull be death o' me yet. A don't know why 'e dun't bring 'is own club, but yer know, luv, when a man works as 'ard as ar Joe, it's not right fer 'im to 'ave t'climb a big 'ill like this. A ought t'gu t'chapel t'morrer neet, but a know Mester Wanty dun't mind." Her Joe worked in the railroad repair shops as an inspector, where I used to see him frequently when I got older and entered the steel business. The heaviest work he did was manipulating a 12-inch scale and a pair of calipers.

A very unpopular character with me was a man by the name of Cottam. He was very aptly described by the Yorkshire term "brassy." When he came to our house, he would walk straight in,



"He would march into the dining room and stand with his back to the fire."

Rotary Foundations Contributions

By mid-December, 29 Rotary Clubs had made contributions to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 2,494. Since July 1, 1951, Rotary Foundation contributions had exceeded \$88,450. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

AUSTRALIA
Marrickville (24).

BRAZIL
Santa Barbara (13).

CANADA
Port Elgin, Ont. (23).

JAPAN
Kawasaki (24); Handa (23); Amagasaki (27); Akashi (23); Toyama (22); Morioka (24); Sasebo (23); Matsusaka (25); Chiba (21).

UNITED STATES
Morro Bay, Calif. (26); Truckee, Calif. (22); Boise City, Okla. (30); Oxford, N. Y. (44); Minneapolis, Minn. (349); Excelsior, Minn. (41); Roseville, Calif. (50); Plymouth, N. H. (51); Hallettsville, Tex. (33); Keene, N. H. (92); Christiansburg-Blacksburg, Va. (69); New Brunswick, N. J. (72); Marine City, Mich. (22); Mount Ephraim, N. J. (24); Columbia, Pa. (45); West Honolulu, Hawaii (38); Frackville, Pa. (34).

calling out, "This is Mester Cottam?" He never bothered to remove his hat or wipe his feet, and, if we happened to be eating, would march straight into the dining room and stand with his back to the fire. Despite reprimands from my parents, I tried hard to insult this fellow, but without success.

When I was a lad, the club meant nothing but an annoyance, but now to me it has come to mean the sturdy, independent spirit of the British working man as I like to remember it. To anyone outside Britain these small clubs might seem insignificant, particularly now when the Government claims to assure a person's welfare "from the cradle to the grave."

However, the average British working man deep down is a conservative individual, and to him the sick and dividing club represents something which endures the passage of time, as has been proved by his father and grandfather. To him, Government schemes may even yet prove to be a flash in the pan, whereas the knowledge "that he can 'allus thro' on t'club if 'owt 'appens," gives him a feeling of definite security. Additionally "there's 'allus bit o' divvy at Christmas time that cumns in 'andy for buyin' 'fowd lass a bit o' summat for Christmas."

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So I Said: 'Let's Sing!'

[Continued from page 31]

in the nature of a fine, we would do well to call the semi-monthly charge of 50 cents dues instead of a fine."

That was done—but the fine idea was still a fine idea for special occasions. If your Club is one that levies a dime when a member addresses another as "Mister," it carries on an old, old tradition because it goes right back to the beginning. Most of us were strangers to one another, and we were in dead earnest about speeding up the process of getting acquainted. It seemed natural to do this by using first names, just as we had as boys back in small towns where most of us had grown up.

Fines and first names are just two of many customs in Rotary today that go back to earliest days in Chicago. When I reminisce, I'm always reminded of the copybook maxim I learned as a boy in a country schoolhouse: "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." More often than not, the Rotary twig was bent by chance.

Today we have weekly luncheons with speeches because Charlie Newton once was late. Members had dined here or there at restaurants that night, then assembled at Bill Jensen's real-estate office. When roll was called, Charlie was absent. Pretty soon he came puffing in—very late. His restaurant waiter was slow, he said. He'd missed most of the meeting, so we levied a fine—but Charlie protested.

"Anyway," he argued, "why don't all of us have supper together somewhere, then come in a body to the meeting place?"

Nobody could answer it—so that's what we decided to do, forgetting all about the fine. The plan developed difficulties, however. When we strolled over from a restaurant to E. W. Todd's hay and grain store, for example, we had to perch around on bales of hay. Sometimes rain or snow made the walking bad. Then one night Al White, who was in the folding-organ business, came up with a bright idea.

"We like Brevoort Hotel food," he said, "so let's eat there regularly. The management will give us a room where we can park hats and coats on the bed."

Well, it wasn't long before we were meeting in the bedroom—instead of some store or office. But sitting two deep on beds and tables was about as unsatisfactory as on bales of hay. So we moved over to the old Sherman House, where we got a large bedroom with the bed replaced by chairs. Before long we got the management to serve us in the room.

We were meeting twice a month at

night. The shift to weekly meals at noon came in 1907. Paul as President was having weekly luncheons with his Executive Committee (later Ways and Means) at Vogelsang's Restaurant at Madison and LaSalle. Any member could attend, so these luncheons became popular. Then someone—and Paul probably had planned it that way all the time!—proposed that these weekly sessions be regular Club meetings. The idea caught on. And that's the way the weekly luncheon idea evolved—all because Charlie Newton was quick with an alibi for being late!*

Other Rotary customs developed just as simply and naturally—oaks that grew from pretty small acorns. Take Community Service. If you know your Rotary history, you've read it started with a campaign of Chicago Rotarians in 1907 to install comfort stations in the City Hall. But a year before that, "Doc" C. W. Hawley, our eye man, told us about the plight of a country doctor in near-by LaGrange whose horse had died. So we dug up \$150 to buy another—then forgot all about the incident. I can't even remember the physician's name.

Old No. 1 wasn't the streamlined thing it is now. I guess we were pretty careless about details. When a fellow changed his business to another not represented in the Club, he carried his membership over without ado. Sometimes he'd simply tell me, and as printer I would make the correction in the roster. It took serious trouble in one case for us to realize we had to be more businesslike. After that, the Club itself authorized all changes in classifications—a practice now written into the By-Laws of every Rotary Club of the world.

I was printing postcard announcements and letters of meetings in those days, and when there was space I'd slip in an item about some member. The fellows liked it, so at "Red" Ramsay's suggestion we started a regular publication. It was called the *Rotary yell* until

* The Rotary Club of Oakland, California, third to be organized, was the first formally to adopt the weekly luncheon plan and did so from its inception in 1909.



"Remember when we started in, A. J.? Not a clock in the building those days."

"Rough House" Chapin, who always was a great hand at punning and other tricks with words, proposed that we use Rotary backward, but start it off with a "G" for a reason I've forgotten. That made *Gyrorator*. The *Gyrorator* is still published by the Rotary Club of Chicago and is the great granddaddy of the thousands of little papers issued by Rotary and other service clubs.

Meetings often were pretty dull, that first year or two. Most of the chatter at first was about how much business this or that person got or gave to some other Rotarian. Then Silvester Schiele, at Paul Harris' urging, gave a talk about his coal business—the first of countless Rotary "my vocation" talks. Silvester later came up with another idea: that to three meetings a year we invite the ladies. I don't recall a dissenting vote, which may have been due to the fact that most members, like Silvester and Paul, were then bachelors.

LIQUID refreshments—our 50-cent meals would include wine or claret—livened sessions but created a problem. Some of the boys would tread the brass rail before sessions and, feeling pretty good, would speak up at the wrong time. The President would rap the gavel and shout, "Order, order!" It was funny for a time or two, then we decided if we were going to carry on in an orderly way, we'd have to taboo liquor at meals. That rule has become general in Rotary Clubs throughout the United States, at least.

Once we were having an especially dull meeting. I remember it well. We were still meeting in our double bedroom at the Sherman, and I for one had got pretty tired of just chewing the rag.

"Gosh, fellows," I finally said, "let's sing!"

By that time I was standing on my chair, waving my arms, and swinging into *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*. Maybe it was *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* or my favorite *My Hero* from *The Chocolate Soldier* or *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!* I don't remember. Anyway, I let out my baritone. Paul Harris added his neat tenor, and we were off into barber-shop harmony.

That's the simple, unplanned way it all happened. I get kind of embarrassed when I'm introduced to Rotary audiences as "the father of Rotary singing," because it all happened so naturally. I came from a "singing Methodist" family. Each morning and every night my father would read a chapter from the Bible and then, before a prayer, we'd sing a hymn. So I really don't deserve any special credit.

But singing did catch on. The next time we met the gang said, "Come on, Harry, let's try another!" That kept up regularly, so I printed a sheet giving

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words of songs we liked best. I wonder if anybody has a copy today. When our print shop moved from Monroe Street to Wacker Drive, I threw away old job tickets, so I don't have even a proof of it or of the later song books I used to give to new Rotary Clubs. But how was I to know I was "making history"? Imagine my surprise one day when I read in *THE ROTARIAN* in an article by Sigmund Spaeth, a real musician, this:

"And here I would bear testimony that when that Chicago printer, Harry L. Ruggles, got Rotary Club No. 1 to sing... he put in his debt everybody who enjoys community singing. For it was Rotary singing that gave impetus to the vogue for community singing which started in prewar [World War I] days and still is running strong."

Talk about having fame thrust upon you!

Paul Harris told me a number of years ago that at first he had doubts about singing in Rotary Clubs. But he was soon converted and in his *This Rotarian Age*—page 42, if you're interested—he says some pretty nice things about it. He even quotes Plato and Damon and goes on to say the only thing about "the early Christians that baffled Pliny's understanding was their psalm singing." Some Rotarians in certain parts of the world are as puzzled about Rotary singing. A French Rotarian, for example, once said he never knew before of sober men singing in the daytime. Yet I'm told that quite a few overseas Rotary Clubs are now singing Clubs.

Singing is responsible for another rather common Rotary tradition, dating back to about 1906 in the Chicago Rotary Club. An out-of-town speaker one day started a smutty story. I knew what was coming—after all, I once was a printer's devil—so I jumped to my feet and started singing one of our favorites. Others joined and we just

* See *Sing, You Rotarians!*, by Sigmund Spaeth, *THE ROTARIAN* for June, 1938.

drowned out the speaker. He was embarrassed—in fact, pretty sore about it. Of course I apologized. But the Club seemed to think I had done all right and agreed that our meetings ought to be the sort that a lady could attend without blushing. That feeling hardened into an unwritten rule that has since become a general Rotary tradition.

Yes, Old No. 1 learned the slow and sometimes the hard way. I remember how we used to pass out honorary memberships right and left, as an easy way of "paying" for a speaker. Once after we had done this for a lobster man from Nova Scotia, we concluded that honorary membership should be a real honor—so put the brakes on.

Passing resolutions was easy, too. We had hardly opened our eyes as a Club before we tabooed religion and politics in Club discussions, but we didn't realize what dynamite there was in resolutions till in a burst of enthusiasm after a speech we resolved that lumber was a better building material than brick. And did the bricks then come our way! Right then and there we stopped such resolutions and I guess the Rotary International warning of today that Clubs take no "corporate action" goes right back to that fumble.

Yes, Rotary in those days just sort of "grew up like Topsy." We "cut and fit" action and rules as problems came up. None of us—even Paul Harris—dreamed of what Rotary might and has become. I often think of what my father used to say about God working in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. So I am both happy and humble as I recall my little part. I've seen Rotary develop from five men into an organization of 350,000 members with 7,400 Clubs in 83 countries—more international than the United Nations!

In 1955 Rotary will celebrate its 50th birthday in Chicago where it was born. God willing, Josephine and I'll be there. Maybe (?) I will once again lift my hands and say, "Let's sing!"

My Valentine

*My valentine has silvered hair,
And wrinkles wrought by others' care.
My valentine has helpful hands
That thrive on duty's dire demands;
That knit, and sew, and scrub, and clean;
And show that work does not demean.
My valentine has earnest eyes
That search for tasks soft souls despise.
The larger life; the selfless way,
Where service crowns the crowded day.
My valentine transcends this truth;
Some souls enjoy eternal youth.*

—GEORGE A. WRIGHT
Honorary Rotarian
Brockville, Ont., Canada

Freedom Is a Fraud

[Continued from page 11]

of her friends. I'm not especially shy, but I did shy away from these friendly attentions.

Was this freedom? I needed protection. I needed the sheltering niceness my wife used to throw around me—yes, the very thing I once viewed as wifely officiousness. So, as the price of my freedom, I have lost a friend of many years—but I don't want to see her again under any circumstances.

You think, Mr. Average Married Man, that you make all the decisions? I too once nourished that quaint belief. Now that I am making them all, I am amazed at their number, complexity, and infinite detail. I'd been alone only a few days when our little Boston terrier developed distemper and needed a veterinarian. I had to knock off work that morning and look all over town for the man who'd been doctoring the pup for two years. I'd never bothered to fix his name in my mind.

Spring's coming and our house—a fairly spacious one—needs redecorating. I don't know where to start. My wife always had such things planned to the smallest detail: she knew color schemes, what harmonized, what clashed, what was clearly indicated for certain rooms. I can't afford an interior decorator. I seriously doubt if my housekeeper is qualified to pass final judgment. I know my son, admittedly smart about many obscure things, cannot be trusted to set up a color formula for the household.

After brooding on the subject, I have an easy answer: keep the rooms just as they are—same paint, paper, and furniture. True, that doesn't show any imagination, and I rather suspect that Ruth, peeking from behind a rosy curtain of clouds, chuckles prettily at my predicament. She had humor, that girl, and a nice sense of the fitness of things. She knew all my manifest and suspected weaknesses . . .

The first Christmas without her brought many special problems. For the first time I was free to do the job exactly as I wished—not merely writing a check and giving it to Ruth with a list of gifts I wanted for certain people. I realized, by the time I had visited only two stores, that shopping is a chore and a hard one. Yet Ruth had never complained. Often my selections were

Will Power

*It's not hard to quit smoking,
I hereby submit,
I believe I should know, since
I frequently quit.*

—A. T. SPRING

FEBRUARY, 1952

In his attempt to protect himself from misfortune and the forces of evil, man has adopted many curious practices.

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It was a popular belief among merchants long ago that to insure good fortune and avoid bad luck—a small amount from the day's first sale should be returned to the customer.



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in poor taste, and she would correct them, firmly and pleasantly. Now, darn it, every decision is mine, and if I guess wrong, she isn't here to share the responsibility. Is this freedom?

For years I had not done any trout fishing; I had been gently nudged away from it. But in my first year of freedom I decided to do something about it. I bought a lot of expensive gear, headed for Canada, and ended up in a hunting and fishing lodge. "y feet dragged at the end of my first day in the rushing and violent stream. I ached in every bone and muscle. I wakened the next morning, creaking in all departments. That day I rested and fumed. The next day I went out and pushed myself so seriously that I spent a week in the hospital recovering from a heart strain. Freedom! Time was when this would never have happened. I would have been steered away from the hazards of overdoing—and it would have been done so deftly that I myself would barely have noticed.

I once thought longingly of going to night clubs and famous restaurants. Ruth never cared to. Said she just didn't care especially about the former and thought maybe our food at home was as good as you'd find in the latter. My freedom was still fairly new when, one night, with a friend of ours—a lovely girl of 30—I went out and "did the town." Dinner here, a concert there, midnight supper where that guitarist plays like an angel. At the end of the evening my girlish companion was pert

and full of zest. I was so tired I couldn't see.

As back in my quiet house, I brushed my teeth, I looked at the middle-aged cafeteria in the mirror and we exchanged wry smiles and snorted at each other: "Freedom, ha!"

I used to think that, if I had my own way, I would devote several nights a week to reading solid and entertaining books. I have tried it. The world of make-believe can and does become tiresome after a few nights of it. I still read, but a surplus palls me, tires my eyes. Ruth knew that, steered me away from it, got me embroiled in a series of Canasta and gin-rummy games. Now I play solitaire, a lonely game.

My friends are protective and hospitable. I am invited to their homes, and they are knee deep in plans: husband-and-wife plans. I find myself almost a stranger. That motor trip, the seashore vacation—they mean nothing in my new status as a widower. True, my friends try to make me feel that I would be most welcome, that they would be glad to have me along. But they don't fool me. I'd be a fifth wheel. I don't like being a fifth wheel.

I have always wanted to go to Mexico City and see the bull fights. I have a small library on the subject. I never got there. I thought of going this year, but I was told the high altitude wasn't especially good for a chap with a tricky "pump." I now know that Ruth knew this; she sympathized with my desires, but she pleasantly and ever so gently

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

HAVE you measured your memory lately? Perhaps yours is the "long" kind. If so, you'll score high on this test based on articles in this issue. Select your answers, then turn to page 61 for the correct ones.

1. In his European report, President Frank E. Spain notes the work Rotarians are doing to:

*Further the St. Lawrence Seaway Project.
Hurdle national barriers.
Promote singing in all countries.*

2. Lord Halifax outlines two aspects of NATO. What does NATO stand for?
National Administration for Testing Org.

*North Atlantic Treaty Organization.
Nobel Act for Technological Order.*

3. "Freedom," as used in the title *Freedom Is a Fraud*, has to do with:
*Restrictions on crossing boundaries.
The power of courts to imprison men.
Free choice in one's domestic activities.*

4. In the sales-tax debate two of the following reasons are advanced in favor of a Federal excise tax. Which is the exception?
*It would forestall inflation.
It would cost less to administer.
It would come mostly from millionaires.*

5. Two of the following facts are ad-

vanced against a Federal sales tax. Which one is not advanced?

It would burden low-income families.

It would hurt retail-sales volume.

It would not be anti-inflationary.

6. Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, is an:

Art center in memory of Battelle.

Endowed school for industrial designers.

Industrial-research organization.

7. Under way in Framingham, Massachusetts, is a medical project:

To determine why some men get bald.

To reduce arthritis in the aged.

To learn more about the heart.

8. The Paris, Tennessee, Rotary Club is regularly bringing smiles to:

Rotarians of Paris, France.

Tennessee Valley Authority employees.

Hospitalized servicemen.

9. The originator of singing in Rotary Club meetings was:

Paul P. Harris.

"Singin'" Joe Brown.

Harry L. Ruggles.

10. Now being conducted internationally in the Western Hemisphere is:

A poll to show vacation preferences.

The largest mapping project attempted.

A test to determine new ore deposits.

edged me into other channels. *Seniors* and *senoritas*, I'm afraid we shall have to remain strangers. *Amigos*, I'm sorry!

Did I mention the household budget? There was a time when I never had to worry about it. That was Ruth's job. Today it's a stern reality with which I come to grips every day. What is this pot roast made of—platinum? There is no freedom when you have a mounting budget hanging around your neck.

There is no freedom, Mister. You wouldn't want it if there were. When you lose your wife, you lose more than smiles and love and thoughtfulness. And about the only thing you gain is a new understanding of the true worth of the one who left you. You start to realize how much she really contributed to your welfare, your comfort, your way of life—and your freedom!

I don't happen to be a very religious man—not in a formal way anyhow—but I often feel that Ruth is smiling widely up there somewhere as she views my worries, my puzzlement, my fantastic helplessness in emergencies. And she knows now that I appreciate her, that I love her more than ever. She left more than a great vacuum in our hearts, an emptiness that is almost unbearable at times. She left me a freedom I'd gladly trade for what once existed.

Freedom is a fraud!

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

can always find something of interest in *The ROTARIAN Magazine*—and more especially so under the circumstances I have described.

Biblical Reference Appropriate

Thinks N. L. LEHRMAN
Brooklyn, New York

I read with appreciation G. R. Munnoch's *We Are Debtors to Sacrifice* [*THE ROTARIAN* for November]. The reference to David's refusal to drink the water procured by men at the risk of their lives is very appropriate. But the story is not, I believe, in Kings, as the writer of the admirable article has it. It is in II Samuel 23:15-17.

EDS. NOTE: Correct is Reader Lehrman!

Footnoting Lauder Song

By JOHN E. JONES, *Rotarian*
Insurance-Company District Manager
Riverside, California

I used to have a copy of the record Harry Lauder made of the *Song in the Rotary* which Milton Nobles mentioned in his letter telling of a visit of the famed Scot to the Rotary Club of Hot Springs, Arkansas [*Your Letters, THE ROTARIAN* for November]. I have sung it a number of times myself.

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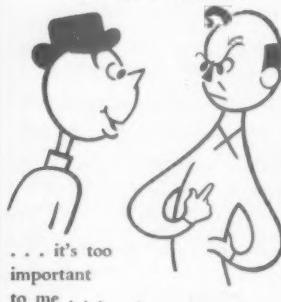
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a Purple Seal record. It must have the music in its files. Rotarian Nobles gave you the chorus. Here are the two verses:

*Once every week, every week in the year,
Everyone's sure of an hour of good cheer,
Now an hour of good cheer is a tonic, we're told.
An hour of good cheer is worth barrels of gold.*

*Once every week, every week in the year,
A very fine bunch of fellows appear.
They are the liveliest of wiles you can find.
Always in front, they are never behind.*

Let's Mind Flag Etiquette

Says CLYDE W. BLAKESLEE, Rotarian
Retired Industrialist
Chicago, Illinois

An issue or two ago a Rotarian in Your Letters called attention to a matter of etiquette when the Club's speaker is a woman. There is another matter of etiquette which I believe should receive attention.

Recently I visited a few small Rotary Clubs and noted due respect was not paid to the nation's flag. On entering one Club's meeting place, I noticed the flag was lying on a stairway leading to the second floor where the meeting was to be held. When the meeting was called to order and the national anthem was sung, no flag was displayed; it still laid on the stairway outside. Another Club I visited displayed a limp, dirty flag.

Let us not forget that a flag is a symbol of a nation. Treating it with respect is no more than proper etiquette, and surely in accord with Rotary principles.

Challenge to Personal Service

Thinks O. D. A. OBERG, Rotarian
Timber Distributor
Sydney, Australia

I have seldom read a more challenging, more realistic article than *Must the Majority Be Helpless?*, by Sir Norman Angell [THE ROTARIAN for November]. His conclusions are obvious and irrefutable to any sound-thinking person. How much more must the implied challenge apply to every Rotarian, already a proved leader in his vocation before admitted to Rotary under our classification principle. Do we, as Rotarians, recognize our individual responsibility?

In the challenging conditions of world affairs today, in the grim struggle that is being perpetually waged between widely differing ideologies, there is no substitute for personal service, no excuse for anyone not playing his part.

What Rotarian would deny that, inherent in personal service, there is the obligation to familiarize himself with the background of current problems, to acquire a knowledge of present conditions and relationships, both national and international, and to lose no opportunity of correcting some of the loose thinking and foolish talk that one hears today?

Here is a chance to do something so simple, but yet so real and personal—a job that lies at hand every day of one's normal life—a job that would have incalculable influence if every one of 350,000 men of goodwill and proved leadership would apply his individual ability and influence.

In subtle manner, but no less defi-

nately, our civilization today is, as Sir Norman says, "laid open to the barbarian"—and not only the barbarian from without.

The question every Rotarian should ask himself is: "What am I doing to help preserve this priceless heritage of modern civilization?" The answer, only really known to each in his own heart, will be one measure of his expression of the service application, undertaken when he accepted the invitation to become a Rotarian.

There is so much each can do—the "sands of time" are running out so fast!

A Photo Noted

By EDWIN W. SOURS, Jr., Rotarian
Automobile Dealer
Barranquilla, Colombia

Except that I am at the other side of the monument pictured on the Pan American Highway near Quito, Ecuador in THE ROTARIAN for September [Know Your Highways, page 51], the accompanying photo is quite a coincidence [see cut].

The obviously uncomfortable sitting posture which I have assumed was cal-



A rest along a hemispheric highway.

culated to put one leg in the Northern Hemisphere and the other leg in the Southern Hemisphere.

A Community Awakener

Says JOHN A. KOCH, Operations Mgr.
Wholesale Drug Company
Evansville, Indiana

Your article *Keep the Home Fires from Burning*, by Howard E. Jackson [THE ROTARIAN for September], should do much to awaken a community to its responsibilities in the most vital matter of fire prevention. Fire prevention is not confined to the city, for there is a large field for the same fire prevention and fire control in rural areas.

We have marked the September Issue of THE ROTARIAN for distribution to fire stations in Evansville. Much could be accomplished in their respective communities if civic clubs and organizations would do the same.

The Americas Sit for Their Portrait

[Continued from page 24]

this field work is done, the information is brought together with the aerial photos for the actual drawing of the master maps. Using a device similar to old-fashioned stereoscopic viewers, a map artist can fill in the contour lines of hills and rivers he has never seen. Finally the finished maps are printed—in detailed segments, of course, rather than in vast continental views.

When the colored ink is dry on more of the finished maps, they will be made available to the co-operating Governments, under the terms of each treaty. These Governments may then put the maps to work, for military and civilian purposes, within the borders of their own countries.

Conditions, of course, vary enormously—from the muggy forests of Costa Rica, where 320 inches of rain drench the earth each year, to the high desert altiplano of Chile, where rain is unknown in the records of man. In mapping some of the jungle regions, field parties have had to walk as long as 110 days for weather to clear enough for observations. Temps fray, optical instruments sprout fungus.

During tedious delays like this, parties may run out of food. At least one group of jungle mappers killed and ate red monkey to fill their stomachs. Because this fare has never been too popular, men are often supplied by air lift, though food bundles dropped only a few yards from camp can be hopelessly lost in the undergrowth. Men have also welcomed supplies arriving by canoe, landing craft, helicopter, and even native bearer.

Sometimes planes help the mappers find their way by dropping markers—strips of tin foil like the radar-jamming device known as "window." This plane-to-party trick is known as Operation Christmas Tree.

Though the rainy season is hard going, it's still better mapping weather than the dry season. Early in the program the cartographers discovered that in Summer the jungle sun actually

Photo: U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey



Capping the field work, technicians make process plates for map printing.

FEBRUARY, 1952

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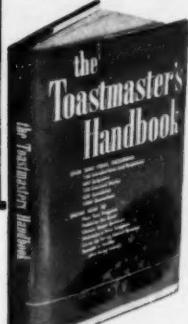
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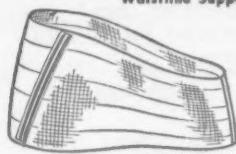
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burns the vegetation, causing a smoke haze that cuts down visibility.

A sunburned jungle is only one oddity encountered by the mappers. The men have found regions where they don't know "which way is up." Because of large mineral deposits or masses of mountains, or for other reasons, the law of gravity doesn't always work right. The pull isn't always toward the exact center of the earth. This condition, known technically as "deflection of the vertical," means that a man 6 feet tall might walk at a tilt of one-ninetieth of an inch—not enough to bother him, but enough to throw maps off by miles.

You'll find this situation in many spots between the Andes and the Pacific Ocean, all along South America's West Coast. But even this irregularity isn't always constant. There's such a thing as an unexplained "gravitational storm." Careful instruments must determine just how well the law of gravity is being enforced.

Each local problem takes its own solution. In flat desert country the mappers must carry their own "mountains"—special portable towers from which to make their sights. And to avoid distortions of desert heat waves, they make their sights at night.

Just as local conditions vary, so do local needs. Canadians, for example, want good air maps of their vast north country. They cooperate with the field surveys, too. But their own chief concern is to fill in those big blank spots on their maps. So they have developed their own techniques of fast air mapping—as much as 31,000 square miles of it in a single day by one plane! In this specialty the Canadians probably lead the world—as, indeed, they need to do if they are to get the job done. For Canada, with Newfoundland and Labrador added, has an area of 3,837,000 square miles—larger than the United States, Alaska, and all the Central American republics combined.

Peru has a different situation. Until recently the Peruvian Government was using the French mapping system—a process so exacting that it took the

French themselves 50 years to complete maps of their own smaller and less-rugged country. So, after signing their mapping agreement with the United States, the Peruvians switched to the faster American mapping techniques. They cooperated with the larger program, yes, but on their own they have just finished the first complete coastal maps of their country.

Even meeting national needs, the unified program is working smoothly—sometimes across national boundaries in hot dispute. In one episode of this hemispheric drama, mappers crossed a no man's land between lines of two disputing nations, working straight across without incident. Another time, in surveying the Gulf of Fonseca in Central America, engineers from four nations—El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and the United States—worked as a single team.

In examples like these the mappers see great hope. For they believe their program may turn up many scientific discoveries of use to all mankind. They're cautious, but they believe the completed program will give some clues about the mysteries of deflection of the vertical, the prediction of earthquakes, and the shape of the earth itself.

A lot of unmapped country lies in front of them. There's the Amazon to cross. There's many an island in many a bay. It may be generations before the last stake has been driven into the ice of Northern Canada and the tepid ooze of the Amazonian jungle. And it may be even longer before you can send a check to your capital city and receive one large complete bundle of the bulky charts covering the whole New World. Even after more of the work is finished, some of the information will remain restricted for security reasons. Today, in fact, some of the cooperating Governments have still not announced the existence of their bilateral treaties or their cooperative mapping projects.

But the pattern of work is set. And the Americas can look forward to their completed portrait—and to the wealth and security it will help produce.

Should You Come Back

*Should you come back, your room is cleanly swept—
The curtains parted to invite the sun;
The little intimate things you loved are kept
Just as you left them, almost every one.*

*Your handkerchiefs are folded, white as milk;
Suits freshly pressed—ties hung in neat array;
Your gloves are waiting too—and scarves of silk . . .
They wonder why you are so long away.*

—MARGARET E. BRUNER

THE ROTARIAN

Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

A Sound of Its Own

W. GUNTHER PLAUT, *Rotarian Rabbi*
St. Paul, Minnesota

Few people nowadays realize that the Liberty Bell which hangs in Independence Hall in Philadelphia is not the original bell which was fashioned 200 years ago. The first bell was cast, but it cracked when used, and so did the second bell. The third, after many years of use, finally suffered the same fate. Thus it is with a gap right across its face that it has become beloved and familiar to the free people of the world. It has often seemed to me as if the hand of Providence wanted to remind America that its soul would never be a single note without variance; that a loving hand moving across the face of our land would always find the valleys as well as the hills, the ups as well as the downs. The real America could never be a country whose citizens presented us with an even and smooth facade; there must always be the gaps—the unevenness, the differences and divergencies as well as the smoothness. The Liberty Bell has a ring all its own; no other bell sounds quite like it—and never will.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Signature of the Soul

EARL L. SAMPSON, *Rotarian Editor, Williamson Daily News Williamson, West Virginia*

"Service above Self" may not bring wealth, position, or power—but it will inscribe the unmistakable signature of the soul upon the face, and the serenity of contentment upon the heart. And after all, as Tolstoi declares, "The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people." In this light then, service becomes a duty—and there are not good things enough in life to excuse us for the neglect of a single duty. We should be very thankful to those who so regard their life, for in the midst of an existence where there is so much strife, petty ambitions, and selfish desires, it is like a breath of fresh morning air, swept down from the mountain tops into the smoky, dusty valley, to meet one whose wholesome desire is for the good of his fellowmen—and whose soul's signature is written upon his face in the unmistakable characters of kindness, sacrifice, and love.—*From the Williamson Daily News.*

Keep Rotary Marching!

WILLIAM T. SWAIM, JR., *Rotarian Secretary, Home for the Aged Carlisle, Pennsylvania*

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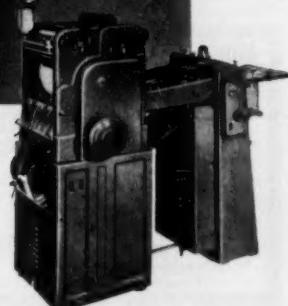
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1951 INDEX For The ROTARIAN

A COMPLETE index of volumes 78 and 79 (1951) of THE ROTARIAN will be available shortly. Club officers and committee men will find articles listed under Community Service, Vocational Service, Club Service, International Service, and other major facets of Rotary activities. Rotarians desiring a copy, gratis, are urged to send orders immediately to:

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exceptional promise, and keep all of us, however old in years, youthful in attitude by enhancing our spirit of service and by adding life to our years—and perhaps even years to life—by giving us this thrilling fellowship, these noble purposes, this instructive hobby, this challenging avocation, this world-wide brotherhood, and this compelling passion.—From a Rotary Club address.

Re: Things That Are Not Seen

CLINTON M. PUFF, Rotarian
Public-School Superintendent
Scottdale, Pennsylvania

Those who would belittle Rotary as a "Meet, eat, burp, and go home society," implying that Rotary does not do anything constructive for the community or otherwise, may be disgruntled individuals who do not have the qualifications for membership in this Club, or they may be those practical-minded persons who do not believe anything worthwhile which does not have very evident physical manifestations. These are the people who do not believe in Santa Claus because they have never seen that

worthy individual. They do not believe in things which they cannot see. What they do not seem to realize is that "the most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see." —From a Rotary Club address.

Come—and Get It

CHARLES D. RICE, Rotarian
Past Service
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Why should we go to the Rotary?
Just think a moment, you will see
Why coming round is your best bet.
Here are a few thoughts to mind:
Respite from the daily grind;
A new bright outlook to your mind;
Then for a minute, bow your head;
The invocation will be said;
Then 30 minutes of good food,
To get you in a happy mood.
The make-ups from the Clubs afar,
Same kind of fellows that we are,
Perhaps a talk; some thought to keep;
But if it's dull; well—you can sleep.
If you don't come, here's what you miss,
Just stop and get a load of this:
When you feel disconsolate, and lonely,
Here you find friends, by the score;
Come and sit down in a crony,
And you'll be happy once more.
No need to tell him your troubles,
He has them too; without end;
He'll understand as he shakes your hand,
Dear old Rotary friend.

Spanish Lesson No. 5 . . . Time

WHETHER you're catching a train, rushing to a plenary session, or hustling to go on an excursion, you'll be watching your watch if you are among the thousands who attend Rotary's international Convention in Mexico City come May 25-29. So, legends of the leisurely life to the contrary, it will help to know what time it is—in both Spanish and English.

In this the fifth installment of these little lessons in Spanish, we consider the time of day. Synchronize your *relojes* (reh-loh'-hehs) and we're off:

What time is it?

¿Qué hora es?

¿Keh oh'-rah ehs?

It is 1 A.M.

Es la una de la tarde.

Ehs lah oo'-nah deh lah tahr-deh.

It's 2 o'clock.

Son las dos.

Sohn lahhs dohs.

3, 4, 5.

Tres, cuatro, cinco.

Trehs, kwah'-troh, seen'-koh.

6, 7, 8.

Seis, siete, ochos.

Seh-ees, see-eh'-teh, oh'-choh.

9, 10, 11, 12.

Nueve, diez, once, doce.

Noo-eh'-veh, dyehs', ohn'-seh, doh'-seh.

It is 2:30.

Son las dos y media.

Sohn lahhs dohs ee meh'-dyah.

It's a quarter past 4.

Son las cuatro y cuarto.

Sohn lahhs kwah'-troh ee kwahr'-toh.

It's 20 minutes past 5.

Son las cinco y veinte.

Sohn lahhs seen'-koh ee veh'-een-teh.

It's 9 P.M.

Son las nueve de la noche.

Sohn lahhs nweh'-veh deh lah noh'-cheh.

Late, early.

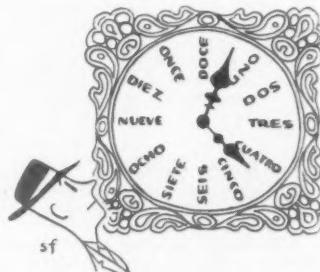
Tarde, temprano.

Tahr'-deh, tehm-prah'-noh.

Please hurry.

Por favor, apárese.

Pohr fah-vohr', ah-poo'-reh seh.



A Federal Sales Tax?

... Uniform Excise Is Better

[Continued from page 13]

probably was less in 1951, but it was more than 7 billion dollars—billions of dollars more.

So we decided that corporation income shouldn't be subjected to further taxes if we want them to expand and provide the increased supplies of goods we need for military and civilian use.

And as we studied 1951 prospects for the individual-income tax, we saw the outstanding feature was that of an estimated total personal income of 247 billion dollars, only 96 billion dollars would be subject to the income tax. There wouldn't be any income tax at all on 150 billion dollars.

At the same time, data supplied to the House Ways and Means Committee by Secretary of the Treasury Snyder showed that if the Government imposed a tax rate of 100 percent at the taxable income level of \$6,000 and above, it would obtain additional revenue of only 6½ billion dollars.

These figures make it clear that sufficient revenue for pay-as-we-go rearmament could not be obtained from the middle- and upper-income brackets. The money just isn't there—even if the Government took all that is left after the taxes imposed now.

That brought us up against the cold fact that any sizable increase in revenue must come in large part from the 150 billion dollars not subject to income tax now. That 150 billion dollars, remember, includes the \$600 exemptions allowed millionaires as well as citizens with small incomes. It is a sum so huge that if it were divided equally among all our citizens, it would amount to approximately \$900 per capita.

So now our problem became: What is the best and fairest way of tapping that 150-billion-dollar reservoir of income which now pays no income tax? There were three possibilities: (1) income-tax exemptions could be reduced; (2) a retail-sales tax could be used; or (3) a manufacturers' excise tax could be used.

The National Association of Manufacturers believed and has believed for some time past that an imbalance has developed in the Federal tax structure because of too great reliance on taxing income as it is received—by imposing income taxes—and insufficient taxation of income as it is spent—by imposing taxes on goods as they are consumed.

That belief developed and hardened before the rearmament emergency — when Korea was just a place we had liberated from Japanese aggressors. We believe it all the more strongly now that the strains and stresses of rearmament

and the Korean war have increased the need for revenue to the point where only a sound system of taxation can raise it without serious damage to our economy.

Our tax recommendations include a uniform manufacturers' excise tax which would put all producers on a par in competing for the consumer dollar. It is obvious that, under peace, defense, or war conditions, the present discriminatory Federal excise-tax system—exempting many items and levying a high rate on others—is not a sound revenue instrument.

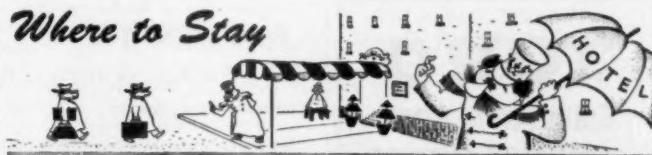
We decided on a manufacturers' excise tax instead of a Federal sales tax for

various reasons. First, it would be simpler and less costly to administer. Not more than 200,000 manufacturers would act as collecting agents for a manufacturers' excise tax, whereas more than 3 million retail outlets would collect a sales tax. In other words, the Bureau of Internal Revenue would have to audit 200,000 returns for a manufacturers' excise tax, compared with more than 3 million for a sales tax.

Secondly, 31 States now levy a retail-sales tax. So do half a dozen of America's largest cities and more than 200 other municipalities. For a long time we have urged that the Federal Government should not further intrude on tax sources used by our subordinate governments. We believe that the sales tax should be left to the States and cities.

On the other hand, the Federal Government has been levying manufacturers' excises on more than 25 classes of

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goods, and could expand its procedure to collect a uniform excise on all the end products of manufacture, except foods, without invading a field already preempted by States and municipalities.

We believe the uniform manufacturers' excise should be made a permanent part of our Federal tax structure to increase the stability of Federal revenue. Spending does not rise or fall to the degree that income goes up or down with boom or depression conditions.

I have told why we recommend a manufacturers' excise tax instead of a Federal sales tax. However, the major objective of our tax program is the provision of a broadly based consumption tax.

The question of whether there should be a manufacturers' uniform excise or a Federal sales tax boils down to objectives. Advocates of the sales tax generally believe it should be repealed as

soon as the present emergency is over. We believe a uniform excise should be a permanent part of the Federal tax system in order to give a better balance to the Federal tax structure and to avoid further abusive use of the individual income tax.

Opponents of consumption taxes argue that they would be unfair to the low-income groups, but I do not feel that way. All of us must make some contribution toward pay-as-we-go taxation. Otherwise we shall make a vastly greater contribution to inflation.

Available figures show that if food, rent, and various services are excluded, more than half the family income of the lower brackets will be exempt. Under the excise tax, the big spenders would be the big taxpayers. In other words, the more one has to spend, the more he undoubtedly will spend, and hence, the more excise tax he will pay.

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A Federal Sales Tax?

No, It Is Not Based on Ability to Pay . . .

[Continued from page 13]

net savings; they went further into debt.

It is against this poorest 50 percent of our families that the proposed Federal sales tax would have the cruellest impact. Instead of taxation based upon "ability to pay," the sales tax would substitute a perverted system under which the higher the income, the less would be the burden; and the lower the income, the greater would be the burden.

According to the findings of Professor R. A. Musgrave, of the University of Michigan, presented at hearings of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report in January, 1951, State and local sales taxes and Federal excise taxes take only 4.6 percent of the incomes of the families earning more than \$7,500, but they syphon off 8.5 percent of the incomes of families earning between \$2,000 and \$3,000, 9.1 percent from those earning \$1,000 to \$2,000, and 11.8 percent from those earning under \$1,000.

Sales taxes are always attractive to the National Association of Manufacturers, and their other less outspoken and more respectable allies, precisely because they take many more pennies from the limited dollars of each poor family than from the dollars of the well-off. And the extraction, they believe, is so "painless"; just a few pennies with each visit to the corner store.

Although the NAM does not yet dare frontally to attack the already inadequate \$600 income-tax exemption for dependents, a Federal sales tax would have the

effect of whittling down the exemption still further. The sales tax would accomplish NAM's objective by the back-door route.

Even worse, the millions of families who are not required to pay any income tax because their total earnings are too low would still be caught in the sales-tax trap. (In 1949, 10% million American families, consisting of 35 million people, were subsisting on incomes of less than \$2,000, according to Bureau of the Census reports. Eleven million children—more than one out of every four in the United States—were members of these families.)

But the most tragic consequences of the sales tax would befall the completely indigent—the 5½ million widows, orphans, aged, blind, and totally disabled who exist today on direct Government relief. According to Professor Musgrave's study, these unfortunate people would be forced to pay into the sales-tax pool a greater proportion of their meager incomes than any other families.

It is sometimes argued that a sales tax is useful because it would be anti-inflationary; the tax on expenditures would encourage people to reduce their consumption.

This argument, too, is without foundation. In the first place, many millions of our families must use up all their income to buy the bare necessities of life. The sales tax could not deter these necessary expenditures; it would only reduce the amount of essential goods and



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services that each of the meager dollars of these families could buy.

On the other hand, neither sales nor excise taxes effectively limit the consumption of the rich with ample cash.

The entire effort to restrict the purchase of scarce commodities by these devices is both socially and morally unsound. They have the effect of rationing scarce items according to ability to buy without any regard for need.

The revenue needs of the Federal Government during this defense emergency are truly tremendous and the deficit gap must be closed. Instead of the retrogressive tax proposals of the reactionaries who call for a gradual enlargement of excises until a universal sales tax becomes the final step, we must work toward a tax program based upon "ability to pay" and an equitable distribution of sacrifice and responsibility.

It is the Congress of Industrial Organizations' (CIO) view, expressed in detail at Congressional tax hearings, that increased Federal revenue can and should be raised by increased levies on corporate and personal incomes without resort to the inequities of regressive taxation.

The CIO has also called attention to scandalous loopholes in present income-tax laws which right now provide a 5-billion-dollar gift to wealthy corporations and individuals. Space does not permit more than an enumeration of the calculated handouts which Congress continues to provide through operation of the so-called community-property principle of splitting taxable income, the "capital gains" loophole, the "stock option" gimmick, the allowance of tax-exempt interest for State and local securities, the "depletion allowance" handout, and many others, details of which CIO will provide upon request.

The welfare of America will not be served by those who seek further to gouge the inadequate living standards of low-income families by the inauguration of a Federal sales tax.

Their deliberate scheme to minimize tax responsibility of the well-off by shifting it to the poor must be revealed. And it must be stopped.

Answers to Klub Quiz on Page 52

- Hurdle national barriers (page 6).
- North Atlantic Treaty Organization (page 9).
- Free choice in one's domestic activities (page 11).
- It would come mostly from millionaires (page 13).
- It would hurt retail sales volume (page 12).
- Industrial-research organization (page 14).
- To learn more about the heart (page 26).
- Hospitalized servicemen (page 20).
- Harry L. Ruggles (page 29).
- The largest mapping project attempted (page 22).

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THE ROTARIAN

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HOBBY Hitching Post

"HOW Rotary brings people together!" As the movement celebrates its 47th birthday this month, that familiar exclamation will echo in many places. And as a salute to the anniversary, we present a fresh example of this unifying effect—from the world of hobbies. In this case your Magazine performed the introductions, and the two parties brought together are, as you'll see, on the outside edge of Rotary. One of them—L. N. KILMAN, of St. Petersburg, Florida—tells the story.

JUST about a year ago now I picked up a copy of THE ROTARIAN in the home of a friend* and in the hobby department spied this item:

OFFICE CITY, Ark., U.S.A.
Butterfly—Charles Covell, Jr. (son of Rotarian collects butterflies; wishes to exchange with collectors all over the world), Box 568, Southern Pines, N. C., U.S.A.
Stamp: C. V. Covell collects stamp

As an amateur collector in Florida, I responded. There ensued furious correspondence: two hobbyists had meshed.

Now, this letter writing was between a 15-year-old lad and a man approaching 70, and in the whirl the high-school boy did not come off second best. The various early letters ended with "Lepidopterologically yours" or "Heterocerologically" (for moths) or "Rhopalocerologically" (for butterflies), until we were both out of breath, finally settling for "Yours for good netting" or "Sincerely."

CHARLES began by stating that he was not much advanced in the science, but it developed that he was further along the high road than I, my collecting having to compete with some writing, much fishing, care of several "door-yard" citrus trees, and a large lawn of St. Augustine grass.

Then came fast mail exchanges of cigar boxes: North Carolina butterflies one way, Florida's the other. It presently appeared that CHARLES had two boy friends who collected: ROBERT BUTLER and JOSEPH WOMBLE, a regular "nest" of them in Southern Pines. JOSEPH wrote that he was "6 feet 2 standing on a grasshopper." Well, they got into the game. As I spend Summers in a Canadian fishing camp and also collect there, I had duplicate northern species as well as the gorgeous butterflies of tropical Florida: two areas to one, but from the personnel angle it was one versus three. The appeal these young naturalists made was great, and as I haunt the typewriter anyway, I took 'em all on.

Perhaps I ought to tuck in right here the fact that there are about 800 butterfly species and ten times as many moths in North America. The hobby challenges one with its difficult nomen

*My dear and long-time friend FLOYD M. WELLS, of St. Petersburg. If he wasn't a Rotarian, look what I'd have missed!—AUTHOR.

clature and some necessary understanding of biology, combined with much, much athletic chasing around with a net. For the butterflies in particular are wary, having compound eyes that see every which way. Also the enthusiast finally realizes that that butterfly always happens to be just out of reach—a lurch forward and yet you miss. Or manages to have a bush in between! This is no accident. Most writers on lepidoptera complain of the light regard many people have for a man running around with a net. Truck drivers have yelled "Yoo-hoo!" at me, and CHARLES has admitted that he is called "BUTTERFLY COVELL" by the irreverent young of Southern Pines.

CHARLES' letters speedily emphasized his near-encyclopedic knowledge of North Carolina species. By that I mean he knew the Latin names of many butterflies. I had paid little attention to this, availing myself of the common names. An early letter of his, beautifully typewritten, asked for "Two *Papilio cresphontes* and a *Phoebe philea*. Do you desire a *Polygona interrogationis*?" Now, the common names—which I suspect he had studiously refrained from using—for these three species are, respectively, The Giant, Orange Barred Sulphur, and Question Mark. I confess that this highly Latinized request sent me to the library. The Giant, for which the boys were avid, is the largest butterfly in North America. I have one with half-a-foot wing spread (well, then, 5½ inches). A black-and-yellow-banded beauty, this fellow is hated by the citrus growers. His huge caterpillar, with its horrible false-faced head (to frighten off birds), called "The Orange Puppie," feeds on their trees.



In Florida, Lepidopterist L. N. Kilman waits to net a butterfly when it lights.

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